

# JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

## WE CAN'T EAT WITHOUT HIM

by Fenner Brockway

## HOW WILL SURRENDER COME?

See page Five

**MAKES STEWS  
FIRST CLASS**



**Insist on  
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and you'll get it**



Marmite, the yeast-food extract, is the making of all soups, stews, meat and vegetables dishes. It adds delicious flavour and makes the most of war-time rations and recipes. Marmite makes delicious gravy.

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# FOOD FACTS

## POTATOES are precious

— so make the most of them

When potatoes are scarce they are more precious than ever. Here are some suggestions for avoiding waste in preparation and for some filling dishes to serve with or instead of potatoes

### Potato-saving Tips

- Remember, as much as 25% is wasted by peeling potatoes. If peeling is necessary, peel very thinly.
- "A potato fast boiled is a potato spoiled." To stop potatoes breaking up and going to waste, boil steadily but don't gallop.
- To prevent potatoes going black, add a little vinegar to the water.

### To 'help out' with the potatoes

Serve these dishes with meat, fish, etc., as fillers and to supply energy. But remember, because they lack vitamin C — the vitamin potatoes contain — always serve them with another vitamin-rich vegetable — cabbage, savoy, brussels sprouts, cauliflower, kale, parsley, watercress, swedes or bottled tomatoes, whichever available.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.  
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 239

### PLAIN DUMPLINGS WITHOUT FAT

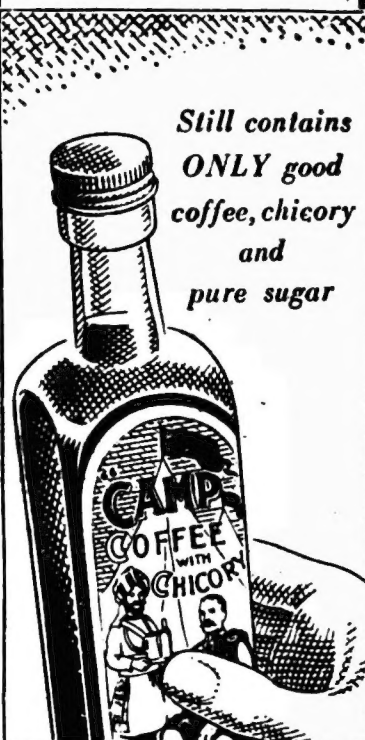
**Ingredients:** 4 oz. flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 dried egg, DRY, \* 1 level teaspoon salt, water to mix. **Quantity:** For 4 people. **Method:** Mix together the flour, baking powder, dried egg and salt. Add enough water to mix to a soft dough. Cut the mixture into 12 portions. Shape roughly into dumplings with the hands. Drop into boiling soup, or water, and cook for 10 minutes. Drain and serve in place of potatoes.

### POPOVERS

**Ingredients:** 4 oz. flour, salt, 1 dried egg, DRY, \* 1 pint of milk and water, 2 tablespoons water, 1 knob dripping or fat. **Quantity:** For 4 people. **Method:** Mix egg, flour and salt with sufficient milk to make a stiff mixture. Beat well, add the rest of the milk and water. Heat the fat until smoking hot in small cake tins or large patty pans, then pour the batter into the tins. Cook in a brisk oven for about 20 minutes.

\* One level tablespoon dried egg.

## 'CAMP'



Still contains  
**ONLY good**  
coffee, chicory  
and  
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BUT GOOD

## CABINET SECRET

"What's this in the medicine cabinet?"  
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"Sylvan Flakes! How ever long have you had them?"  
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**Make it easy- have a MACLEAN SHAVE**



- 1 Wet the beard thoroughly.
- 2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.
- 3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

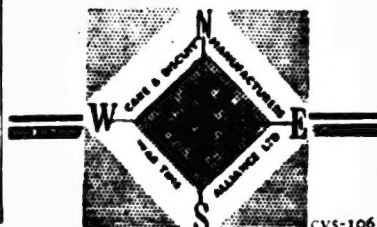
Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed. **1/3 PER JAR**

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## Without Fear or Favour A PEACE OF RICHES

THE BIG THREE have put the finishing touches to the war's strategy. What we now need is a strategy for the peace.

It must aim at creating riches for nations great and small, for the Common Man whether he lives in Barking or Basutoland.

Riches do not mean gold to be hoarded in bank vaults, where it is as useless as rotten herrings.

Riches, we have come to realise, mean wealth fairly shared and fully employed, flourishing trade conditions for our neighbours as well as ourselves, and decent housing, clothes and food for everyone.

Therefore, the peace towards which our armies are battling must be based on economics.

Otherwise it will not be stable. It will not be permanent. It will be no more than the mockery of a peace which was just an interlude between World War 1 and World War 2.

NOW IS THE time to discuss the form it should take. Military Security—the Dumbarton Oaks plan—is a question of restraining aggression. To make aggression unlikely, to remove the root causes of war, it will be necessary to banish needless scarcities, fears and jealousies from the earth.

Each nation must be helped to full production of all its resources — industrial and agricultural alike. Each nation, therefore, must become a unit in a vast productive machine, and the goods supplied to all who need them.

To this end all countries must have equal access to raw materials. Backward areas must be so developed that their peoples can enjoy a higher standard of living, and thus increase the demand for goods.

Transport and distribution must be arranged internationally. So, of course, must finance. Education must become a matter of world rather than national concern.

Prosperity, like peace, is indivisible. We must plan for world-wide prosperity or suffer the horrors of war without end.

*The Editor*

# GETTING READY FOR THE END

The Big Three Talk. Eisenhower's Strength. Hitler the Blunderer. Co-op's New Chief Duncan Sandys Owns Up. Stalingrad leader in London. Tommy Handley and the Cabinet

THE MEETING OF the Allied leaders overshadows even the inspiring war news from the Eastern Front.

The talks have been preceded by discussions between experts of the three nations, covering the whole military and political field.

These discussions make nonsense of the recently revived tales about the lack of military co-operation between the West and East.

Moscow has "played ball" throughout. Eisenhower knew in advance all the Russian moves.

## Tangled Politics

The agenda for the main talks between the leaders is a very long one, and the meeting may well take between a week and a fortnight.

This despite the urgent work facing Marshal Stalin, whose link with his actual field-commanders is closer than in the case of Mr. Churchill or Mr. Roosevelt.

But the European political field is more tangled and complicated than it has ever been—and basic decisions must be taken at the meeting.

At the moment we are in danger of finding it easier to win the war than to make sure of producing a lasting peace.

## Keeping the Peace

These are some of the subjects which have priority in the talks:

The Dumbarton Oaks World Security Plan, on which a decision is due. In essence, it lays down a form for mutual aid against aggression, and presupposes the first steps towards the establishment of an international Armed Force—and Air Force, even—to keep the peace.

The snag is that the Russians are arguing that decisions by the big Powers should be unanimous before action could be taken under the plan.

This, in effect, would weaken the position of the small Powers.

## German Carve-Up?

The second big problem is the carving up of Germany after the collapse.

How is this to be done? Some schools of thought favour a zoning system, with the big Powers policing their special areas.

Extremists are arguing that Germany should be cut to shreds, the west going mainly to France and the east to Poland—possibly to compensate the Poles for Soviet expansions.

This, in effect, would compress Germany's 80,000,000 population into a central agricultural area now supporting less than a third of that population.

The British view, it is believed, favours a total occupation of the country, but not a zoning system.

## Two Thorny Problems

Thirdly, there is the great problem of Poland, whose present position typifies the problem of all the liberated countries.

British policy, which traditionally approves of compromise, is to try to find some formula whereby the Lublin Provisional Government can accept some "Moderates" as members, and thus form a broad Government which we would be able to recognise.

The latest view in London is that the Lublin Poles are not so unrepresentative of the Polish peasants as was at first argued.

Lastly, on the political front, it is



Away from the flames of their burning villages, German refugees stream westwards. Those on carts, on cycles, are lucky—many of those without transport have died of exhaustion

hoped that by the time the talks are over the Greek situation will largely have resolved itself—and that a General Election there will be possible shortly.

## Watch the West

ON THE WAR FRONT, the news goes from better to better.

It should be even better in the near future. Undoubtedly there will be great operations in the West to synchronise with further Russian moves.

Von Rundstedt's recent flourish is now entirely in the past. Instead, the First Army is probing the Siegfried Line.

The Allied armies between them have a slight preponderance of strength over the Germans opposite them. In all equipment except heavy tanks they have an overwhelming advantage.

In tanks, the Germans still deploy the heaviest armour. On the Eastern Front their tank advantage has been lost. The Soviet tanks, which form Zhukov's spearhead, are the heaviest of them all.

## Real Russian Speed!

In the East, too, the extraordinary Red Army has once again made its critics look ridiculous.

The keyword is still caution, for there are some tough obstacles ahead yet—unless German morale cracks under the increasing strain.

But the Soviet advance from the frontier to the Oder may well rank as

a military classic, out-topping its previous performances for sheer organisational brilliance.

How is it that the Red Army has been able to roll on relentlessly almost without pause?

Largely, say the experts, through its flair for improvising. The last miles to the Berlin perimeter have been trundled out on German petrol, and often in German trucks.

By the speed of its first assault the Russians were able to capture trains and even railways intact.

## Zhukov's Switch

Now they are up against the toughest proposition of them all.

Berlin is surrounded on three sides by broken country, breaking out into innumerable obstructive lakes. A natural defence position.

There is one line of approach, from the south-east, and it is with that weak point in view that the Zhukov shock troops have converged on Catthaus.

Generally, the Germans seem quite resigned to wiping off vast areas of the Reich. They have been utterly out-maneuvred, with their best troops in places where they don't want them.

## Hitler's Blunders

Indeed, when the time comes that the whole thing can be seen in perspective, Hitler will go down to history as a military incompetent.

He has fought a shockingly bad war, made mistake after mistake.

Consider his position to-day. With the enemy at the gates of his capital he has something like 100,000 men marooned and lost on the Atlantic Coast, hundreds of miles away.

He has lost garrisons in the Channel Islands and such places as Dunkirk, while, Upper Silesia's arsenals having fallen, he has trapped men left in the Dodecanese and in Crete.

## Farewell, Intuition

Eighteen German divisions are marking time in Italy; others are retreating, dwindling, through the Balkans. Twenty-five divisions are cut off in Lithuania—despite the High Command's warning last year.

Another inglorious army treks down through Norway, pillaging as it goes.

Meanwhile, nine crack divisions were moved recently away from

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**FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE**

## CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Silesia, presumably to defend Vienna.

Their absence has been desperately felt.

Hitler, in short, should take his intuition out and kick it. . . .

## Madman's Stand

So while the "master race" man the barricades, something like half a million men are outside the fight.

Where, as the final squeeze is applied from both sides, will the battle end?

One possibility is that it will not end in clear-cut fashion, as did the last war. There are signs that the Nazis are prepared, if necessary, to retreat southwards, and put up a last-ditch stand in the mountains of Bavaria and the Austrian Tyrol.

A final fight from the mountain-tops, with all its cheap symbolism and Wagnerian overtones, would appeal to the madman in Hitler.

## Amends for Singapore

IT IS THREE YEARS this coming week since the fall of Singapore, perhaps the saddest and at the time most disquieting single episode in the whole war.

The national recovery has been magnificent; it is something the Germans could never understand.

And to-day, under the spirited leadership of Lord Louis Mountbatten, a formidable Empire army is fighting its way back through the sweltering jungle.

Soon a Japanese army may be brought to battle near Mandalay.

The road ahead is still a long one, and it is no route march. But the "forgotten army" is doing splendidly.

## Duncan Sandys Admits

IT IS TEN WEEKS since JOHN BULL first drew attention to the chaos into which the prefabricated housing problem has drifted.

Now Duncan Sandys has made some blunt admissions in Parliament.

The much-boasted Portal house, by general opinion, has been wiped off as a failure.

The acute shortage of steel is given as a reason for adopting different designs and different production methods.

So the Ministry of Works is looking for something fresh. Meanwhile, only three prefabricated houses have been built in London. This despite the fact that 3,000 were promised for the first three months of 1945.

What is needed is a definite decision to be taken on key designs—and for sub-contractors to go all out building it.

## "Hear-Hear" to Cripps

ROBERT FOOT'S PERSONAL PLAN for solving the problems of the mining industry—without nationalisation, of course—is now being followed by the miners' own plan.

It is a very different type of document, extremely detailed, and laying bare the essential failure of the industry over the years between the wars.

Meanwhile, Sir Stafford Cripps is the first Cabinet Minister to comment publicly on the Foot plan. He contented himself by saying that the pre-war shape of the industry was hopeless and that it cannot be left to the mercies of individuals or associations.

The battle over the shape of the coal industry may yet be a hot topic in the General Election.

## Terrible Truth

In the rush of immense war news, very little attention was paid to the recent statistics concerning accidents in the collieries, revealed by Major Lloyd George.

More than 4,000 men have been

killed in the mines since war began—and more than 15,000 seriously injured.

Injuries involving more than three days' absence from work were 780,000—in just over four years!

Those are terrible figures.

## Lord Wright's Duty

LORD WRIGHT, the Lord of Appeal who has been made chairman of the United Nations War Crimes Commission, is one of the most distinguished legal brains in the world.

He is seventy-six, and has been an Appeal Lord for eight years. Previously he was a judge on the King's Bench and Master of the Rolls.

He is an authority on international law and it will be his duty to find a formula whereby the victorious Allies can effectively try men like Hitler.

Lord Wright's personal views are uncompromising. He does not agree with the way in which last war's crop of criminals escaped scot-free.

## Recognising Them

THE CZECHOSLOVAK CABINET in London has become the first exiled Government, to give official recognition to the Lublin Poles.

The decision was not surprising, for several reasons.

The Czech Government-in-exile has never got on well with the Polish Government in London. Indeed, official Poland and the Czechs have never been particularly fond of each other.

When Hitler dashed into Prague so despicably in 1938, the Poles immediately annexed part of the country for themselves. The Czechs did not forget.

For people so close—and in some ways so similar—the Czechs and the Poles have for years had a vastly different outlook. Modern Czechoslovakia was a hustling industrial democracy, its leaders had small time for the almost feudal Poles.

## Friend of Russia

Soon the Czech Cabinet will set up their Government somewhere in their partly liberated land.

President Benes is anxious that it should get back as soon as possible.

One part of the country, already liberated, would be a danger spot but

for the excellent relations between Dr. Benes and the Russians.

Eastern Ruthenia has had a Ukrainian complex for years. It returned Communist members to the Czech Parliament. It had a well-organised movement aimed at securing its incorporation into the Soviet Union.

To-day the demand to join the Soviet is being raised again. Moscow has assured the exiled Czechs that the clamour has no official backing.

## The Doctor Goes Home

YET ANOTHER of the exiled Governments which have spent the last few years in London is now on the long trek home.

Dr. Subasic is due in Belgrade, where he will form a Government with Tito, whose grip on the Yugoslav forces is one of the few stabilising influences in the troubled Balkans.

Once established, the new Government will have to select regents to represent King Peter.

Tito's forces, meanwhile, have been busy attacking the flank of the remnants of those German armies which escaped from Greece and which are now living hungrily on the scraggy mountains of south-east Europe.

## New Co-op. Chief

TWO MEN, widely different in background and views, have just received important appointments.

The first, Arthur Pickup, is sixty-six. He has become President of the Co-operative Wholesale Society.

This means that he is chief of the largest of co-operative organisations, employing nearly 65,000 people, and with a trade turnover exceeding £160,000,000 a year.

Pickup has had a long record with the movement. He joined the Burnley Co-op. more than 50 years ago, as little more than a boy.

## My Lord Chairman

Lord Linlithgow, on the other hand, went to Eton. He is fifty-seven, and the most spectacular achievement in his career was his appointment as Viceroy of India in 1936.

Before that he had fought in the last war, held a great many directorships in the banking and insurance world, and had sat on a number of Government Committees. Now he has

added to his financial laurels by becoming chairman of the vast Midland Bank.

## Back in London

VASSILI KUZNETSOV, leader of the large Soviet delegation to the World Trade Union Conference now being held in London, is no stranger to Britain.

He was over here as recently as December, settling details for the present conference.

A Stalingrad engineer, Kuznetsov head of the giant Soviet T.U.C.

For the present meeting he heads a delegation of thirty-five Soviet workers.

## Gleam in the Gloom

BRITAIN'S WAYWARD CLIMATE is costing us more and more. After weeks of dislocation through snow and ice, with fuel and transport in chaos, a rapid thaw produced widespread fog conditions throughout many parts of the country, and the same trains were monotonously late all over again.

In the midst of the winter gloom it was good to learn that Air Ministry experts are battling hard against the general problem of fog.

Research on fog dispersal is going strong. It would be a major victory if ever we won it. There is no sign yet that we have found the secret, but it will come, given time.

## Not a Super Job

THE RECENT FRICION during the filming of "Caesar and Cleopatra" at Denham has had one happy result.

Following the decision of the Industrial Court at Westminster, film "supers" and small-part workers will no longer have to pay 10 per cent. of their meagre earnings, and spend hours of their day queueing outside casting agencies.

Instead, a central casting bureau for crowd actors is recommended. Players will be expected to join the Film Artists' Association.

Years ago, when the movement first started, it seemed it would be impossible to rationalise employment conditions in the film studios. Now, after years of effort, the result has been excellent.

Film crowd workers used to be paid a guinea a day; since the war the fee has risen to 27s. 6d. It sounds all right, no doubt—but the days are usually few and far between.

## Tommy the Wonder

THOMAS HANDLEY, who is entitled to call himself one of the most talked-of men in Britain, is recovering from 'flu.

Handley's success as "Itma" has been one of the minor wonders of the age.

B.B.C. research experts at one time realised that Thursday night at 8.30 was the peak listening hour of the week, and that the crazy crew had a larger radio audience than any of the Cabinet Ministers.

To-day, this no longer applies. "Itma" is still top show, but there are signs that it is not drawing in the way it did a year or so ago.

## Getting Tired?

There is a simple reason for this. No one man can keep it up, year in and year out, without getting tired.

Ted Kavanagh, the script writer who is 80 per cent. of the programme's success, needs a break.

To-day his gags are being used up and down the country, without acknowledgment. There is hardly a second-class comedian in the realm who does not have to ask his Dad,

"Itma," incidentally, raises the whole question of the B.B.C.'s much vaunted "starred" programmes. Why are so many of them revivals and recordings?

Surely the Corporation can do better than that.

## Argument

## SHOULD VOTING BE COMPULSORY?

The new electoral register means 7,000,000 new voters. Will they vote? Should they be made to? What do you think?

for

1. Democracy is among the most precious of human possessions, but if our votes are not used it does not work.

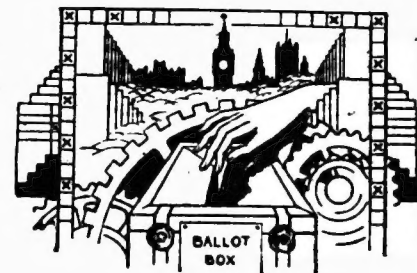
2. If the voter compulsorily attends the booth, he can still abstain from recording a vote—thus showing disapproval or helping to achieve tactical results.

3. In British parliamentary elections a 75 per cent. total vote is considered good. In municipal contests the vote is often only 33 per cent. or less.

4. Under compulsory voting it is impossible for a well-organised minority to snatch an unrepresentative result.

5. In Australia, where the fine for non-voting varies from 10s. to £2, the system has worked exceptionally well.

against



# SURRENDER

by WILLI FRISCHAUER, who fought the Nazis in print long before they were regarded by the world as dangerous. He came here in 1935 to warn Britain of the Hitler menace

## How Will the End Come?

WHICH GERMAN GENERAL will plead for peace? This is not an idle question in these days, when realistic Russia and allies in America and Britain are making political preparations for an event that may happen any day.

The moment will come when an authoritative German voice will rise above the din of powerless propaganda and the whines of millions of refugees, and say what all Germans are thinking: "We've had enough!"

This time a German general, a member of the Wehrmacht, a representative of the armed forces which have ravaged Europe, will alone be acceptable as the authentic voice of Germany.

On the Allied side, preparations will be complete. The terms of surrender can be stated at a moment's notice. But the personality in Germany who will be called upon to accept them is in doubt.

There is, on the other hand, evidence that the powers that be in Germany have long pondered the moment which was bound to come. There are German generals who could not win glory for their country but may hope to win peace—even at the price of signing the terms of surrender.

### Hohenzollern Martyrs?

I place the members of the Hohenzollern family, the surviving relatives of the Kaiser, at the head of a list of possible surrender signatories.

The Hohenzollerns still command the allegiance of powerful German military quarters. They may be prepared to step into the breach as German martyrs. They will accept the inevitable because, they argue, they have already survived the debacle of their country.

"Little Willie," the Crown Prince, still holds high military rank. Two of his sons have perished in the war. Another has joined the Wehrmacht after years in the Nazi Party's office.

The number of Hohenzollern princes is small. They and their friends and relatives of various other "ruling houses" of Germany in both command some public support inside Germany and the allegiance of generals who would implement their promises to the Allies.

Do not be surprised if a Hohenzollern steps forward and emulates the Kaiser by admitting defeat.

There are a number of German generals, not related to the German royalty, who have played to say the least—an ambiguous rôle in the last years.

Hitler has not murdered all of them.

### He Knows the Worst

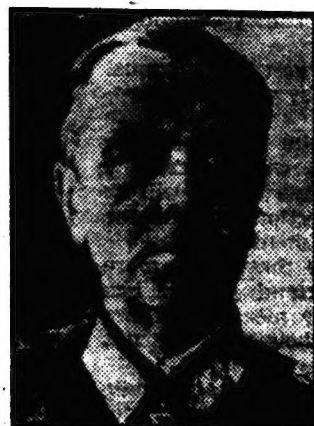
There is Field-Marshal Bock, the "Holy Fire Kneestrin," who has lived in retirement for a long time. There is Baron Weichs and also Field-Marshal von Kleist. They have ostentatiously withdrawn from military operations which they were regarded as futile and hopeless.

Now that they know the game is up they are likely to step forward and call a halt. Their consciences would tell them that they were doing the German nation a greater favour by signing surrender than by lending their authority to Hitler's suicidal appeals to carry on unto death.

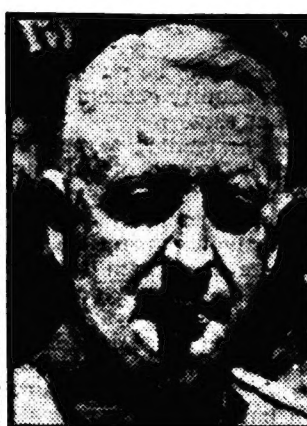
These men know the truth of what Mr. Churchill said: that "we are no monsters and are bound by our standards of civilisation."

There is no reason to exclude from the "possible" among the surrendering generals those who are still fighting in the field. Many of them must know that they are carrying on resistance against impossible odds.

It was General Ludendorff, in his capacity as Chief of the German General Staff, who insisted in his later years that German



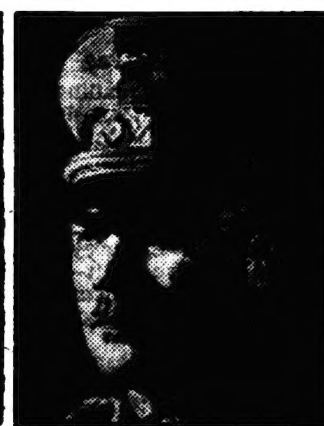
Von Paulus, loser of Stalingrad



Von Manstein, a somersaulter



Von Rundstedt, a man without hope



Guderian, this war's Ludendorff

"leadership had assumed... the character of an irresponsible game of chance, a thing that I always considered fatal. The fate of the German people was to me too high a stake. The war must be ended!"

The "Ludendorff of this war" is Colonel-General Heinz Guderian, Chief of the German General Staff, Commander-in-Chief of the German armies in the East. He has the most intimate knowledge of the hopeless military situation of the Wehrmacht.

### They May Sign from Moscow

Unlike Ludendorff, Guderian also knows that, this time, the Allies will not allow the General Staff to put forward civilians to accept defeat in a war which generals have waged. But, like Ludendorff, he may regard the fate of the German people too high a stake to warrant any further gamble.

This tough, ruthless, fearless General Guderian would be the one man in Germany who would dare to act according to his convictions. I can well imagine him stepping forward and throwing in the towel.

If not Guderian himself, it could be Rundstedt or Manstein, members of the old aristocratic class of German generals who have turned many political and military somersaults in their time.

Rundstedt accepted the surrender of France in 1940. He is an old man now, with few hopes of a personal future whatever happens. It would not be beyond him to try to go down in history as the saviour of the German people from virtual extermination by submitting to the superior forces of her enemies.

For all we know, some of these men are already in contact with the "Free German" movement in Moscow and the "German Officers' League" which is attached to it. These men



Roehm, later to be killed by Hitler's order, and ex-Crown Prince Willie, at a parade in Hanover in 1933, when Nazism seemed destined for success

have obviously nursed a hope that Stalin would call on them to form a provisional German, post-Hitler, government. Their hopes will be disappointed; but that does not mean that the honour and onus of signing surrender may not be accorded to them.

Of these "Free German" generals in Moscow, Field-Marshal Friedrich von Paulus, ex-commander of the Sixth Army of the Wehrmacht, who surrendered at Stalingrad, is a leading member of the organisation.

His proclamations from Moscow, broadcast to Germany and to his fellow-generals in the front line, suggest exactly such a line of thought which those intimately acquainted with the mentality of the German military mind would expect.

Already these men have helped to undermine the German will to continue the fight. I have heard myself the dramatic appeals, for instance, of General von Seydlitz, Paulus' former chief of staff, and of General von Daniels, another leading member of the Moscow Committee of "Free Germans."

"I am speaking to you," Daniels said, addressing a colonel who was once on his staff. "as your former commander. Cease the fight! It has lost its purpose!"

### Goebbels Overdoes It

There are twenty full German generals who think and feel like Paulus, Seydlitz and Daniels.

With the support of ex-German Communists and Socialists now in Moscow, men whose names are known throughout Germany, they claim to have established close contact with fighting units of the Wehrmacht and their commanders. One of their group, though known under the name of Baron Einsiedel, is a grandson of Bismarck, the German "Iron Chancellor" and idol of the German army.

The German people are now obviously inclined to listen to the voices of Moscow. The German generals who are still fighting would respect the sentiments which animate the "Moscow Generals." That their voices have found many echoes inside Germany has become clear since Goebbels' frantic attempts to discredit them.

He has insisted that they must be referred to as "scoundrels," "traitors," and "cowards." But no active German general would regard Von Paulus, who defended Stalingrad to the verge of extermination, as a coward, or a fool, or a traitor.

These "Free German" generals, who have aided the Soviet military campaign with their political offensive against the soul of militarist Germany, may crown their work by producing from among themselves or their comrades inside Germany the man whose name we shall find at the end of an historic document.

This document will seal the German surrender and bring peace to Germany and to Europe.

## WITH MY FEET UP by IAN FOX

### Conversation Piece

"I'VE JUST BEEN reading the Plan for Coal by this man Foot. Whatsis name? Michael—is that the right Foot?"

Fox: "No, that's the Left Foot. Man who wrote 'The Trial of Mussolini'."

"Eh? Scandalous book. Chap ought to be shot. As Beverley Baxter said to me. Ah! I've got it—Dingle Foot."

"No! You must mean the Chairman of the Mining Association, Robert 'Dangle' Foot."

"Dangle? Why Dangle?"

"He's dangling a big carrot in front of the miners' noses."

"Carrot my foot! It's just like all these plans nowadays. It promises the



Guidance from the Ministry of Fuel: "You can't eat your coke and have it too"

miners a good standard of living throughout their working life, and leaves the owners just where they are now."

"But . . ."

"WHY, SOME OF the poor devils won't even be left as they are. The fellow actually says 'there is to be no permanent place for the inefficient pit.' What does he want to do—abolish the whole industry?"

"But . . ."

"And then he says something about 'looked at in the abstract and forgetting for the moment about human beings . . . Always fussing about machinery and efficiency, and never caring a damn for the owners.'"

"But he also says that 'there shall be no interference—financial or otherwise—with the autonomy, independence or power of decision of any colliery undertaking.'"

"Just as I say—leave the blooming owners to get on as best they can! Drive them into the workhouse as long as the miner gets a thousand a year."

"But . . ."

"BESIDES, LOOK AT the stuff they produce nowadays. Half of it's stone they can't be bothered to pick out. Getting money under false pretences, I call it."

"But . . ."

"And half the time they're absent, sitting at home in their new Government houses, eating their heads off, and having hot baths at all hours."

"But you once said that the working classes always kept coal in the bath. . . ."

"The miners have luxury pithead baths, don't they? With all this pampering them we shall soon find them refusing to go down the pits because they'll get their hands dirty."

"The miner's work is the most dangerous. . . ."

"Nonsense Carelessness, that's what it is. Smoking cigarettes when there's gas about and letting the roof fall in on them. As I said to Fothergill the other day, I wouldn't tolerate such negligence in my factories—all the profits would go in paying compensation for injuries."

# OPEN LETTERS

**Rt. Hon. H. Willink, M.P.,**  
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. WILLINK.—For more than a year—fifteen months in which the rent racket has gone from bad to worse and the innocent many have been exploited by the avaricious few—we have waited for the report of the Ridley Committee on Rent Restriction.

That report is due to be published next week. I must warn you that the country expects action by your Ministry—and quick action at that.

Some writers, pretending to be "in the know," declare that the Committee among other things, will propose the setting up of rent courts or tribunals whose task it will be to safeguard tenants against paying extortionate rents for accommodation, including furnished apartments.

Scotland, where they seem to tackle these evils more firmly and efficiently than we do in England, already has rent tribunals functioning as a war time measure. Those courts are doing a fine job, and I hope their work has not been unnoticed by the Ridley Committee.

That England should still be without such tribunals after five and a half years of war is scandalous and shameful. That we have had to be fleeced by unscrupulous owners of so-called furnished houses for nearly half that period while the Ridley Committee collected and sifted evidence, smacks unpleasantly of the "circumlocution office."

The people are in no mood for further trifling with this unchecked profiteering. There must be no delay in implementing the Ridley Report if there are proposals in it worth acting on.

It's up to you, Mr. Willink, now. The sooner you get busy the better hard-hit tenants will be pleased.—JOHN BULL.

**Very Rev. J. G. Marks,**  
Provost of Bradford

REVEREND SIR,—With what irreverence do you proclaim against modern love! With what hasty, ill-chosen words do you slander those of your own generation! With what lack of understanding do you try to undermine and malign the sacrament of marriage!

"Love to-day is only an ersatz thing," you told a meeting of Bradford women. "Love on the animal level is the only thing that most people of to-day understand," you are reported to have said afterwards.

Let us be sensible. No marriage can survive if it is governed solely by desire, though desire is an essential part of love. No couple, having only one link, achieves the loveliest thing in married life: a contentment of mind and an inner sense of comradeship.

Love in the last five years has brought to us many examples of outstanding courage and sacrifice. The young couples who take the marriage vow to-day are every bit as sincere and constant as those of past generations.

There is nothing ersatz about the women who work and wait for the return of their husbands from the fighting fronts. There is no sham about their determination to have happy homes and families.

You are thirty-one years old—too young to assess the

## Human Machine

### Control Leads to Content

A LITTLE GIRL SAID to her mother at bedtime the other evening, "I've had such a happy day, mother. So much happier than yesterday."

"Have you?" replied her mother: "What made to-day so different?"

"Well," said the infant sage, "yesterday my thoughts pushed me around. To-day I pushed them around!"

If, like this little girl, we control our thoughts, if we are boss of our brains and of our minds, the result is happiness. Simple—but so profoundly true.

So much of our day is usually wasted in ineffective emotion, anger, annoyances, irritations that just "push us around" without achieving anything except unnecessary wear and tear. So much of our mental and spiritual energy goes in resenting circumstances that we could alter if we chose, in kicking against conditions that we needn't endure a minute if we used our brains to alter them.

If our brain is a machine—which it is—we should have more self-respect than to allow it to race along, racking itself to bits. We should have enough pride to see to it that it functions smoothly and well, thinking the thoughts we wish it to think, and thinking them sanely and logically and coolly.

You're the boss. Didn't you know?



It's up to Mr. Willink, now, to end the rent ramp

virtues or failings of the millions of happy couples in the land. And certainly you have neither authority nor experience to justify what is an impertinent slander on the home of Britain. Francis Bacon wrote centuries ago: "Nuptial Love Maketh Mankind." I prefer his opinion to yours.—JOHN BULL.

**Sir Alexander Dunbar,**  
Chairman, English Steel Corporation

DEAR SIR,—To hear from a man in your position with approving State direction of, and intervention in, the affairs of industry, proves that not all our industrialists are "ho-ditchers," ready to fight to the end any form of Government supervision.

This attitude towards one of the most vexed controversies of the day is becoming more widely held—a welcome sign of enlightenment. Without some sort of central direction of the industrial machine, no Government of the future can hope to fulfil properly its duty to the nation. Nor can it assure the people of the land decent standards of living, wages and working conditions.

Why not try converting some of your fellow industrialists to your way of thinking?—JOHN BULL.

**Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C.,**  
Recorder of Liverpool

DEAR MR. HEMMERDE,—So much bosh is talked about "Modern Youth" that your championship is doubly welcome.

"I am not one of those," you say, "who think that the young people of to-day are, as some doctors were saying the other day, satanic or one thing and another. . . . They are far better citizens than this country has the right to expect."

I agree. The youth which saved Britain from invasion and conquest are worthy of praise, not condemnation; and if some fall by the wayside, why, that is probably due more to social mismanagement than to personal badness.—JOHN BULL.

**Sir Norman Kendal,**

Assistant Commissioner, Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR NORMAN,—As one who has been for many years in close touch with Scotland Yard, I must pay tribute to your work before you retire at the end of the month.

We have, I trust, been good friends. We have had a common aim, a common trust—to punish the wrongdoer and to protect the public against frauds and impositions.

In the twenty-six years you have spent with the C.I.B. your organising powers, your thoroughness, your ability to get the best out of your men, have all helped to make you feared by criminals and respected by Scotland Yard.

Mr. R. M. Howe, your successor, has no easy path following you. To him, on his appointment, I offer my best wishes; to you, on your retirement, I record my thanks and praise for a job well done.—JOHN BULL.

# WE CAN'T EAT WITHOUT HIM

The farm worker must not be betrayed again. And the nation must be better fed

by FENNER BROCKWAY

## SIX MUSTS FOR A BETTER BRITAIN

1. The land must belong to the people.
2. The stranglehold of the financiers must be lifted.
3. Farm produce must be increased; at guaranteed prices, to meet the nation's needs.
4. Food needed from abroad must be controlled by an Imports Board.
5. There must be co-operation between small farmers to achieve efficiency.
6. Farm workers must be given a living wage, good houses, schools and social amenities for their children.



FENNER BROCKWAY, who is Political Secretary of the Independent Labour Party and Managing Editor of the "New Leader." Former M.P. for East Leyton, he has been of great service to trade unionism

ON THE EVENING of February 7, 1872—just seventy-three years ago—Warwickshire labourers from near and far, summoned by word of mouth, made their way secretly and silently to the village of Wellesbourne and gathered in the darkness under a chestnut tree.

Presently, a dim figure stepped to the trunk of the tree and began to speak. It was Joseph Arch. At the end of his speech the first trade union organisation among farm workers was formed.

Joseph Arch was himself, an agricultural worker. He was the son of a shepherd and as a youngster of nine started work as a crow-scarer. His wage was fourpence for a day of twelve hours.

His Agricultural Workers' Union spread like a prairie fire right across the farming districts of the Midlands to East Anglia. It at once demanded an increase on the farm workers' miserable wages—and the trouble began.

Arch had to meet the opposition not only of landowners and farmers but of many in the Church. One bishop declared in 1872 that the horse-pond was the proper place for an "agitator" who made the workers discontented with the station to which Providence had ordained them.

### Third Time Lucky

Joseph Arch's union won great improvements for the workers, but after its early success it fell away. By 1910 it was nearly dead, and the men of Norfolk persuaded George Edwards, who had been a leading lieutenant to Arch, to form a new union. It lasted only five years.

In 1903, however, a third attempt was made. George Edwards, at 56, was persuaded to try again. The Eastern Counties Agricultural Labourers' and Small Holders' Union which he formed grew to become the powerful National Union of Agricultural Workers, with its 125,000 members, of to-day.

Joseph Arch and George Edwards will always be remembered as the pioneers in the struggle of farm workers to improve their conditions. The third name to be remembered is William Holmes, who has just retired from the secretaryship after twenty-five years' service.

Bill Holmes is also a son of the soil. He was earning 5s. a week on the land when a boy of twelve, and learned to read and write in a night school after his day's work on the farm was done.

### Sixfold Wage Rise

Among no class of British workers has trade unionism more justified itself than among farm workers. The first success of Joseph Arch's union in 1872 was to raise the farm workers' wage from 11s. to 12s. a week. The latest success of the National Union of Agricultural Workers has been to establish a minimum wage of 65s. a week. Even when allowance is made for the increase in the cost of living the change amounts almost to a revolution.

But for a long time after the re-establishment of the union in 1906 it was an uphill fight. The membership had dwindled to a mere 291

by 1914. The first World War gave the agricultural workers their opportunity. Agriculture became important, and even the farm workers ceased to be forgotten men.

The union membership rose precipitately. By 1917 it had crawled up to 402—but between the years 1918 and 1920 no fewer than 170,000 joined!

Meanwhile, the powerful Transport and General Workers' Union had also established an agricultural section and its great influence was placed at the disposal of the farm workers on the land.

Then came betrayal—for the agricultural workers as for so many other workers.

No fewer than 400,000 men left the plough to shoulder the rifle to fight for the land (to quote Will Holmes) "in which they had been the worst paid, the worst housed and perhaps the most despised of all our craftsmen." Of these 250,000 were volunteers. But, the war over, their patriotism, their sacrifices, the dead which they had left on the battlefield, were forgotten.

Wages fell and working hours increased. In 1923 the farmers in Norfolk attempted to impose a wage of 24s 9d. for a fifty-four-hours' working week. Ten thousand union men refused to accept this worsening of conditions and were locked out; finally the farmers agreed to pay 25s. for a week of fifty hours.

### Make Him Their Equal!

The second World War has repeated the experience of the first. Union membership has leapt up again and wages have increased progressively. First, a minimum of 48s. was secured, then of 60s., and now of 65s. The union is not satisfied. It is campaigning for 80s.

Will these conditions be maintained after the war, or will they fall as they did after the first World War? The union leaders are determined that they shall be maintained—and improved.

They ask for the agricultural worker conditions as good as for any craftsman in the land. They have the vision of a future for the land worker which will make him the equal in knowledge and social status with any man in Britain.

Is this an idle dream? Why should it be, any more than Joseph Arch's hope of improved conditions appeared to be seventy-two years ago? During war time British agriculture has advanced beyond recognition.

The production of grain and potatoes has nearly doubled. Despite the absence of imported animal foodstuffs, the number of cattle on the land is higher to-day than in 1939. Of the 7,000,000 cattle on British farms last year nearly 3,000,000 were cows and heifers in milk.

Need agriculture relapse? Need the conditions of the workers fall back as they did after the first World War? The leaders of the farm workers are certainly determined that they shall not do so. The more farsighted of them have plans, not only for maintaining the standard of life of the farm workers, but for

reconstructing agriculture itself, plans which they believe would, if adopted, provide all engaged in the industry with an opportunity for a happy, free and secure life.

Their constructive programme for agriculture is based, first, on the conviction that the land of this country should belong to the people, that representatives of the people should plan its use for the benefit of the nation, and that the burden of landlordism should be lifted from agriculture as from so much else.

During the war the value of agricultural land has risen from £1,000,000,000 to £1,750,000,000. This has been due to the efforts of the people in the industry and to public activity. The landlords must not be allowed to scoop the benefit.

Secondly, they realise that the industry is throttled by the stranglehold of the financiers. Interest and rent charges amount to £40,000,000 a year, equivalent to £1 per week per man, farmer and worker alike. This burden must be lightened immediately and lifted entirely within a short period.

### More Food Wanted

Thirdly, agriculture must be guaranteed prices and a market. The nation needs what agriculture can give. According to Sir John Orr, to provide all the people of Britain with a healthy nutrition the milk supply should be increased by 60 per cent., butter 41 per cent., eggs 55 per cent., meat 29 per cent., fruits 124 per cent., and vegetables 87 per cent.

Representatives of the nation and of agriculture should together decide how much of this increase can be advantageously produced in this country, and then plan to realise it.

Fourthly, the surplus required to be imported should not be allowed to undercut prices and the standard of life of those engaged in British agriculture by unregulated competition. It should be bought on behalf of the nation as required by an Imports Board.

### Towards a New Britain

Fifthly, efficient large-scale farming, on a modern machine-driven basis, should be developed by co-operation between the smaller farmers and by the retention of all land taken over by the War Agricultural Committees and its use for communal farming.

Sixthly, the farm workers must not only be guaranteed a living wage for a reasonable working week, with good houses, good schools for their children, and social amenities. They must be raised in status from mere wage-earners to active co-operators in the control and development of the industry, equals and colleagues with the farmers in the conduct of a great public service.

All this is possible. It will be the contribution of agriculture to the creation of the New Britain. It will be the fulfilment of the vision voiced by Joseph Arch under that chestnut tree seventy-three years ago.



William Holmes, just retired after 25 years' service on behalf of—



—Britain's farm workers, of whom this grand old Devonshireman is typical

# AT PRICE THE ALL MAN'S CAR?

dalous racketeering in second-cars affects us all, because efficient transport touches our everywhere. It is especially for the small man who MUST a car to earn his living. That JOHN BULL is glad to give nence to the astonishing facts this little-publicised question. evelations are based on an in- w with D. Craven Griffiths, ary of the North Midland al Price Regulation Com- . Under the chairmanship of ouglas McCraith, the noted , it is attacking Black Market actices and price control

ASTIC PRICES ARE being ob- ned for second-hand motor ecause people believe there e enough new ones for a hile after the war.

lers are posing as Government s and pretending they need cars icial requirements. In some they cheat the owners of up" cars into parting with for small amounts out of all rtion to their real value, and sell at fabulous profits.

are some of the prices being ed in the absence of official control:

over 10, 1939. Listed price, 5. Approximate second-hand ce, 1939, £240. Present second- d price, £260.

ustin -10, 1939. Listed price, 5. Approximate second-hand ce, 1939, £155. Present second- d price, £250.

orris 10, 1939. Listed price, 5. Approximate second-hand ce, 1939, £155. Present second- d price, £300.

uick 30.6, 1939. Listed Price, 5. Approximate second-hand ce, 1939, £500. Present second- d price, £1,000.

ertain dealers are deliberately g large stocks of second-hand hich they have accumulated g the past two or three years. e are holding them for sale at h high prices the moment petrol ctions are removed.

## Trade Supports Control

t the Government has stead- y refused to control prices de- the appeals of this committee despite questions in the House ommons.

ading people in the motor e are willing to support the grow- demands for such much-needed al control. They do not like to nscrupulous dealers making for- s overnight. They do not like to plans being laid for enormous ts after the war.

asping dealers, and I have seen hich names scores of them, do other about the fact that ex- ve capitalisation of this kind only have a serious effect on the e as a whole.

en there is the question of post- models. When they are even- y placed on the market they will tless be subjected to an effective rol — by their manufacturers. ss a strict control is placed on d-hand cars there will be no- g whatever to stop a dealer or gent from driving a car up and e the street in order to call it d-hand! And then obtaining a ed price.

any second-hand cars, as I have e bought up by people posing "Government buyers." They

rarely pay higher\* than the 1939 listed price—indeed, they generally quote the price which must be accepted.

I should have thought this fact alone would have made the Government wise to the extent it is being exploited.

Cars used solely for urgent busi- ness trips cannot be called "a luxury." Many jobs depend on a motor car and sufficient petrol. Why, then, should the Government stand idly by knowing that many people can only get a second-hand car nowadays at a price frequently three, and even four, times the original value?

## Outspoken Opinions

Among the documents I have in- spected, and they are available to any Government Department willing to test my statements, are letters from well-known experts in the motor trade deploring the lack of control in car prices to-day.

One who is an authority on every angle of this perplexing subject has recently given his opinion in writing.

"The whole question of price control has been badly handled," he states. "It has been left to com- mittees composed of men with little or no experience in the 'used' motor market—or men with an axe to grind."

Another important man, who is a King's Counsellor and was at one time closely connected with the Motor Trade Association, stresses the need for a practical scheme of price control being put into practice under Government auspices.

A well-known motor finance com- pany tell me that they are compelled to complete agreements and pay sums of money heavily in excess of the market value of a motor car because their client has to have a car to retain his post.

## It Can Be Stopped Now

In other words, their client is involved in a commitment which means nothing more or less than a millstone round his neck, for a number of years. He has to pay for a car that in ordinary times would be practically valueless.

When the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of War Transport was questioned in the House of Com- mons a few weeks ago, and was referred to a report which had been sent to him by Sir Douglas McCraith, he replied in effect that he saw no reason for price control of the type I am urging.

Perhaps, if he finds out what I have found out, he will change his mind. The fact that officials in the Ministry of War Transport and the Ministry of Supply have (as they must have in order to carry on their work) important contacts in trade circles should not be allowed to have any bearing on the matter.

This racket can be stopped at once, and quite simply. Second-hand cars should not be allowed to fetch more than their 1939 listed price.

Genuine dealers in the motor trade, content with a reasonable measure of profit, will agree with all I say here. But my criticism and suggestions will not please individual dealers to whom control would mean a financial loss on the cars they have so craftily accumulated.

Why have any sympathy for them? They are only price racke- teers of the worst type. Control, in my opinion, is both necessary and practical. It should be introduced with all possible speed, even though it may make a good deal more work for the officials of the Ministry of War Transport.



Hitler's ornate Chancellery in Berlin was bombed by the R.A.F.—

THE WAR IN THE WEST has reached its last phase. One capital after another of Hitler's Europe—Rome, Paris, Brussels, Athens, Belgrade, Bucharest, Sofia, Warsaw—has fallen, and the roar of the Russian avalanche is heard in Berlin. The population is in flight and the fast citadel of Hitler's fortress is doomed.

There are desperate things ahead, but the caged tiger is mortally wounded, and his dying frenzies will be short. He has been bled white east and west, and as the Allies close in to "the kill" there is no power of replacement.

The great arsenal of the Ruhr has been shattered by countless blows, and now the secondary power-house of Silesia is in our hands. Organised resistance is at its last gasp, and there is not a soul in Germany, military or civilian, who does not know that the end is imminent and inexorable.

It is in these circumstances that President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Mr. Churchill are meeting.

## How Will They Go To Work?

The purpose of the meeting, as Mr. Harry Hopkins has said, is not related to the prosecution of the war. That was the theme at the Teheran conference, and we are witnessing the victorious consummation of its strategy. The task now is not destruction, but the biggest constructive operation since the world of men began.

Two objects are paramount. We have to secure the world against the recurrence of the calamities that, twice in one generation, have made a shambles of the earth. And we have to build a new world

# OUR BIGGEST HAS YET TO BE

After Berlin and the defeat of Hitler—  
need German industry on a better-

by A. GARDINER

on the ruins which those calamities have made of the old.

How are the Big Three approach- ing these tasks? Their immediate aim will be to consolidate their vic- tory and secure it against the disruption that followed the last war.

It was that disruption which paved the way to this war. If re- peated, a third World War is inevitable.

At all costs, then, the Military Alliance between Britain, Russia and America must be maintained intact and indestructible until such time as the new world order is effectively in being.

Its function will be to preserve the peace in Europe and the world, to crush any conspiracy against that peace, and to substitute the processes of law for the arbitra- ment of force.

## Japan Must Perish

In this connection it may be assumed that the Big Three will come to some understanding about the war in the Far East. The de- tachment of Russia from that war while the major war was in pro- gress has been wise and intelligible.

But the war with Japan is part and parcel of the World War. In that phase of the struggle Russia has as profound a concern as the United States or ourselves. She is an Asiatic Power, and a Japanese hegemony of the Pacific would be fatal to her legitimate interests in the Far East.

After the elimination of Germany nothing is more essential to the resettlement of the world than the speedy defeat of Japan. Thanks chiefly to the magnificent efforts of America, backed by the heroic work of our Army in Burma, that defeat is now assured.

But it is obvious that it could be hastened by many months if Russia intervened and the port of Vladivostok became available as a base for the British and American navies and air fleets.

Another group of questions which must occupy the Big Three is that relating to the measures to be taken to make another Nazi con- spiracy impossible.

The occupation of Germany can only be a temporary expedient. The break-up of the German Reich is widely advocated.

If it were effected within by the

voluntary brian state by the isol be an ide mood of C should no

But the Reich fr leave a h future, an Big Three

And so struction tial is an goal, and and Siles by the B

But it in dest potential dustrial would be present Europe grievous

Is it n other wa Take f It must h peace to collective world, an nip all ap

Withir system regional between powers t

Ger Such adumbr Eastern Scandin tries. and with backgro

They security past no they w healthy aggressi

It wa was sur and un flee like courage gamble.

We balance must n the bo

And

# ST BATTLE BE FOUGHT

Hitler—what? We shall  
a better-balanced Europe

## REDINER

voluntary separation of the Danu-  
bian states and the Rhineland, and  
by the isolation of Prussia, it would  
be an ideal solution. And in the  
mood of Germany after the war it  
should not be an impossible one.

But the forcible disruption of the  
Reich from without might well  
leave a heritage of trouble for the  
future, and it is the future that the  
Big Three must plan for.

And so with industry. The de-  
struction of Germany's war poten-  
tial is an attractive short cut to the  
goal, and the future of the Ruhr  
and Silesia will not be overlooked  
by the Big Three.

### Collective Security

But it must be remembered that  
in destroying Germany's war  
potential more than half of the in-  
dustrial power of the Continent  
would be lost to Europe. In the  
present impoverished condition of  
Europe that loss would be a  
grievous obstacle to its recovery.

Is it not possible that there are  
other ways to both these ends?

Take first the political problem.  
It must be the capital object of the  
peace to establish a system of  
collective security for the whole  
world, armed with police powers to  
nip all aggression in the bud.

Within the framework of this  
system there would be room for  
regional pacts of mutual assistance  
between the various groups of  
powers that envelop Germany.

### Germany's Costly Dream

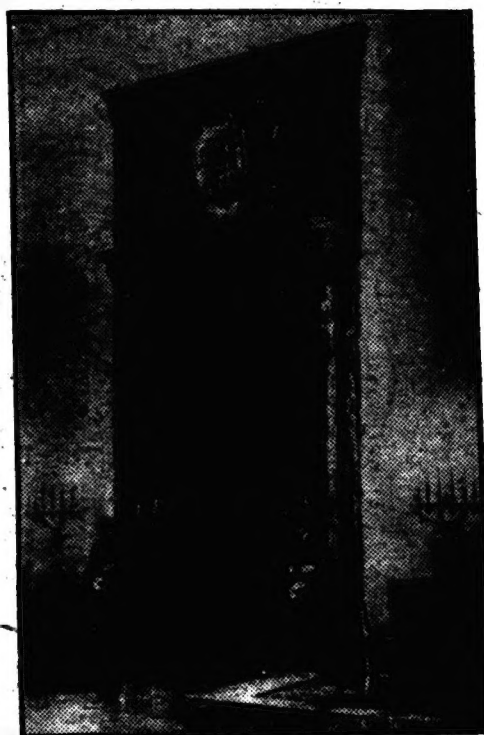
Such groupings are already  
adumbrated, in the Balkans, in  
Eastern Europe, on the Danube, in  
Scandinavia and the Low Coun-  
tries. These, properly organised  
and with the collective power in the  
background, would do two things.

They would give a sense of  
security and power where in the  
past no such sense has existed. And  
they would fill Germany with a  
healthy fear of the risks of  
aggression.

It was the knowledge that she  
was surrounded by feeble, disunited  
and unorganised States who would  
flee like rabbits before her that en-  
couraged her to risk her last great  
gamble.

We want a politically better-  
balanced Europe. German power  
must never be in a position to rock  
the boat to its destruction again.

And we want an industrially



To-day the great hall is deserted  
—the leader is not behind this door

better-balanced Europe, too. The  
dependence of the Continent upon  
the industrial power of Germany  
had before the two wars become a  
menace.

With only one-fifth of the popu-  
lation of the Continent, she con-  
trolled half its key industries. Had  
she been content to pursue the  
path of peace she would have laid  
all Europe under tribute without  
firing a gun.

But her success went to her head.  
She would scoop the pool at a blow.  
She would conquer Europe, concen-  
trate all the heavy industries in her  
own hands, convert every other  
State into a rural satellite and with  
the might of a whole continent  
behind her would win the  
hegemony of the earth.

This dream is shattered—at  
frightful cost. We must never let  
the dream revive.

And one means of preventing it  
is by expanding the industrial  
power of the backward countries so  
that the German supremacy over  
Europe can be offset, and with it  
her superiority in war potential.  
Germany herself has shown, in  
Poland, Silesia, Austria and other  
countries she has ravaged, how  
much can be done in this respect.

### Knowing the Enemy

The lesson learned at such  
dreadful cost must now be turned  
to account against her. A writer  
who has dealt with this subject in  
the *Times* rightly sounds the  
warning that post-Nazi Germany  
would revert to cunning to re-  
establish her industrial dominion.

But the Big Three are now awake  
to her craft. They will not sleep  
again. Britain, America, and, above  
all, Russia will not let the mad-dogs  
of Berlin get loose a third time, no  
matter what disguise they wear.

## Hannen Swaffer Talks ABOUT A REALLY GREAT MAN

THE VISIT THAT Harry Hopkins  
has just paid us before going  
on to Paris and Rome may  
prove as fateful as the searching  
probe he made into Britain's in-  
tentions in January, 1941.

Then the United States, impressed  
by the pessimistic reports made by  
Joe Kennedy, her Ambassador in  
London, was so fearful as to our  
fate that she had made it a condi-  
tion of "lending" us fifty destroyers  
that they should never be handed  
over to the Germans!

Lend-Lease was in the balance.  
Was it worth while?

In those days, mind you, Roosevelt  
and Churchill had never met.

"Go to London," the President  
said to Hopkins, "and find out what  
the Premier is like. I want to know  
his mind. I must know, too, whether  
Britain stands a chance."

### Told Everything

London, then, had endured four  
months of nightly bombing. We had  
seen the Great Fire. In the view  
of the world, we were doomed.

Harry Hopkins, the son of a  
humble leather worker; who had be-  
come the President's "personal ad-  
viser," came here and spent a  
month, almost all with Churchill.

He was told everything—our plans,  
our chances, the extent of our sup-  
plies, and the strength of our forces.  
He met all our leading Ministers.

Shrewd, understanding and  
patient, Hopkins was more enrapt-  
ured by the stalwartness of the  
people of Britain than he had ever  
been with anything in his life ex-  
perience. He loved "people," as does  
John Winant, that Lincoln-minded  
Ambassador, and Henry Wallace,  
whose burning idealism and faith in  
"the century of the common man"  
are one of to-morrow's great hopes.

Lincoln, in his broad, human sym-  
pathies and determinations for post-  
war settlement, stood almost alone.  
Roosevelt has three stalwart sup-  
porters, men whose faith equalled his  
own.

Hopkins went home, convinced that  
Churchill's orations were not mere  
words but pledges of action—and  
that the rank and file of the British  
populace were determined to go  
down, if need be, fighting to the end.  
It was one of the most vital decisions  
of the war. For Roosevelt had com-  
plete confidence in Hopkins.

### Chance for Us

So we saw Lend-Lease supplies  
pouring in, generous beyond esti-  
mate, prodigal in abundance.

Yes, then we had a chance!

Roosevelt decided not to reserve  
his country's strength for her own  
protection in the event of our col-  
lapse, which Kennedy had prophe-  
sied, but to ensure her own safety,  
to quote Roosevelt's words, by "lend-  
ing our hose to a neighbour whose  
house is blazing with fire that, if it  
is not quenched, may spread to our  
own dwelling."

Next, the President's "personal  
adviser" was sent to Russia, in the  
hour of her desperate straits, to see  
if she could withstand the onslaught  
of Hitler's might.

"Russia must be written off,"  
military experts had declared.

After spending two days with  
Stalin in the Kremlin, Hopkins made  
a second decision that helped to save  
mankind.

Returning, Hopkins instituted the  
"impossible" shipbuilding pro-  
gramme for 1941. He doubled it for  
1942.

Next, he arranged the Churchill-

Roosevelt meeting at which the  
Four Freedoms were outlined.

All this was done by a man of the  
people—a man who, all the time, was  
being attacked by the Big Business  
interests which sought to hurt Roose-  
velt by stabbing him. He merely  
went on working.

Well, he has been back among us.  
This time his visit was a closely  
guarded secret until he had gone.

What was his mission this time?

You all know the jamb into which  
the Allies had got—two Polish gov-  
ernments, Italy and Greece in a mess,  
France claiming the Rhineland, and  
partisans everywhere insisting on  
great political changes.

Diehards, both in the States and  
here, were nervous about what they  
considered the spread of "Bolshev-  
ism."

It was in this hour that Hopkins  
realised that the political problems  
of Europe must be settled. He could



HARRY HOPKINS SEEN BY KEM

not see the sense of liberating  
countries in order to let them fall  
under new dictatorships, either of  
the Right or the Left.

And, as he confessed in Rome—  
this wise, this really great man—  
"The swing to the Left in Europe is  
in the interests of the United States  
provided it does not reach extreme  
totalitarianism."

So, more because of his advice  
than anything else, the Big Three  
will discuss the setting up of an ex-  
ecutive council of the United Nations  
to deal with the political and eco-  
nomic problems of every liberated  
land until free elections give power  
to free governments to work out their  
own salvation.

When it is decided to set up the  
necessary machinery, but only in  
that event, the United States, no  
longer hampered by Isolationism,  
will assume joint responsibility.

If, because of the advice given to  
Roosevelt, this great plan is brought  
about, Europe may be saved from  
falling into the pit of calamitous  
despair. For half of it is waste and  
rubble—and it is rife with disease  
and semi-starvation

## JOHN BULL Short Story

# THREE'S A Crowd

There are times when even the most beautiful friendship must be broken up—if it is interfering with romance... but the person who proves that three's a crowd may run into unexpected complications

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

FRIENDS ARE ALL RIGHT—said Mrs. Fluke, dabbing at her iron with a moist thumb—but where you've got friendship you've got trouble.

It reminds me of two young fellows as used to share my back attic here. Sid Willis and Fred Humphries. Nice young fellows as you'd want to meet, with steady jobs at the gas company and thick as thieves.

This Sid was a bright young spark and a nice-looking boy, but even his own Ma—if he ever had one, which I never heard—wouldn't have called Fred handsome.

Those two hadn't a thing in common, you'd have thought, but you never saw them apart. They shared their fags and their money, went to the pictures together, and when they dropped in for a pint they'd drink their beer together, minding their own business and keeping themselves to themselves.

They even had an old motor-bike they used to share, one riding and one on the back. Fred was a big fellow, heavy-handed, and it took him a long time to make up his mind about anything, but when he'd decided what he wanted he stuck to it. Mostly what Sid thought about anything was good enough for Fred.

Well, a girl came into it, of course. The pair of them were coming home from work one evening when Sid noticed a young girl hopping about in front of them. She'd got the heel of her shoe stuck in a coal-hole grating, and Sid stooped down to untie the shoe for her.

Fred, being a bit slow to see what was wrong, and wanting to do what Sid was doing, caught hold of the girl in his arms and pulled. He pulled the grating out of the pavement and broke her shoe, and from the way she shouted at him to put her down she showed she had a bit of a temper.

Fred was so surprised that he dropped the shoe down the coal-hole, and, what with ringing the front door bell and getting into an argument with a sour-faced woman as answered it and a young policeman who didn't notice the hole in the pavement and stepped into it, the girl told him the sooner he went off home the better.

With Sid it was different. She put her arm round his shoulder and went off dot-and-carry-one to where she lived just round the corner. The two of them stood talking on her doorstep, and Fred didn't like it much. He kept pulling at Sid's sleeve and saying, "Come on!"

It seems this girl's name was Sonia,

worked at a milliner's, and was quick with her tongue. "If he's got a home," she said, after this had been going on for some time, "why doesn't he go to it, instead of scaring people with his face."

"My face is all right," Fred said.

"He's a friend of mine," Sid told her, short. "We live together."

"If you don't mind," she said, "I suppose it's nobody's business."

"How about to-morrow night?" Sid asked.

"I might manage it." She looked at Sid and they both smiled. He was a nice-looking boy—as I said—good-natured and easy-going.

Fred jerked his arm. "We're going out on the bike. Great West Road."

The girl looked at Fred as if she could 'a' murdered him. "Of course, if you've got to go out with him," she said, "it's different. I don't go out with strangers, anyway." She went inside and shut the door.

NEXT EVENING SID was waiting for her on the corner, and she looked surprised to see him there. "We're not going on the bike," Sid said. "What about the pictures, eh?"

He talked her into it, and while she went inside the house to change her hat Fred came out of the tobacco shop where he'd been to get some fags. When the girl saw Fred again she was mad. She'd got half-way back inside again before Sid caught her arm.

"He's been my pal for years," he said. "We always go out together. Besides, he won't sit with us. What difference will it make?"

Well, that Fred sat in the row behind them in the pictures and when anything happened particular on the screen he'd lean forward, or Sid would lean back, and they'd discuss it. Particularly aeroplanes or motor-bikes.

SONIA HAD NEVER MET anything like this before. The three of them walked back, the girl in the middle, and when they went in for a cup of coffee at the Corner House Fred went in, too. At her doorstep she said: "Well, I won't keep you two. Good-night!" And she slammed the door on Sid.

The two of them ran into her later in the week and she was hurrying on when Sid stopped her. "How about coming to a dance one of these nights?" he asked her.

She raised her nose. "I can dance with one man at a time. I've never tried with two."

"Hey! Wait a minute!" Sid said.



When he called for her Fred was there, of course, and at that, the girl was half crying with rage. "What does that great ape want now?" she said. "I said I'd come dancing with you—not with half of Hammersmith."

He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her round, and she didn't seem to mind. "You're coming dancing with me when you've had your supper. To-night. See?"

When he called for her Fred was there, of course, and, at that, the girl was half crying with rage. "What does that great ape want now?" she said. "I said I'd come dancing with you—not with half of Hammersmith."

"He's just going to sit and watch," Sid told her. "He's my pal, and if I go out he's got nothing to do."

I'll say this about that girl—she was fond of Sid, and anyone could see that he was very struck on her. Girls have got more sense than men and she made the best of the situation, although I must say it surprised me to see the way she gave in, and they went out together with Fred always hanging on.

Of course, I know she tried every trick to try and lose him in Tubes, and on buses and things, but Fred was one of those slow-going, slow-thinking people who take a lot of losing.

It would be about a fortnight later the girl turned to Fred and said to him sweetly: "It's not much fun for you, Fred. I've got a surprise for you. I've been talking about you to one of the girls at the shop and she's mad to meet you. We're going to make a foursome of it to-night!"

"I don't get on with girls," Fred said gruffly. "Anyone can see I'm no Don What's-his-name. Thanks all the same, but I'll just come along with Sid."

The girl sighed. "Well," she said, "if that's the way it is!" They went for a ride on the bus to Putney Heath, with Fred sitting behind her and breathing down her neck.

"Sid," she said to him when they got back and had stood for what seemed to her like hours at her doorstep, with Fred

leaning against the lamp-post across the street whistling to himself. "You've got to choose between me and him. I mean it."

"Well—I don't like leaving him out of things. We've been pals a long time."

"Why won't he go with another girl and make sense of it?"

"He doesn't care much for young gals. Says they're silly. But—why don't you bring another gal along, then he'd have to either come or stay away. Bring one that ain't young and knows something about motor-bikes."

Well, that's just what the girl did. Next night she brought along with her a comfortable party that smiled at Fred, took his arm, and said they were going to have a good time together. Fred didn't like it, but he couldn't back down without leaving Sid.

HE SCOWLED AT HER and got his arm loose, but they made a pair of it. She would be about thirty by all accounts, and a good-natured party, fond of fun.

It wasn't long before Fred was playing draughts with her and telling her things about motor-bikes as she didn't know before. She was a good cook and fed him well, and that Fred was getting reconciled to things when this girl-friend of his sprung a surprise on him. She told him she married at sixteen and had lost her husband. Lost him before she was twenty—sailor, drowned at sea. She claimed Fred reminded her of her lost husband and cried a bit.

Fred told her he'd never been to sea. Never seen it except at Southend when he was about three years old, and she cheered up and cooked him some bacon and mushrooms with grilled kidneys and bottled stout.

Now, that Fred was all right as long as Sid was around. The moment Sid and his girl tried to give him the slip and leave him in the kitchen he'd know

some instinct and rush out after it kept them all in the kitchen. It would be a few nights after red found his partner crying, and couldn't say what was up. After she took Fred's hand and, looking from him, told him in a low voice been deceiving him. "My husband's still alive, Fred," she said. "He drinks and I won't live with him. But he's seen you and me together and came round this evening and on something awful. I don't know what he'll do," she said. "He's got a temper. In fact, he's been in with it with the police." "You mean—the sailor?" "Yes, he's a brewer's drayman." "I'd have thought Fred was a man of his word. He went up into the parlour and told Sid. 'I told you nothing but the truth. He would come of this fooling!' he said. 'A married woman! What are you going to do—eh? Tell me that!' Sid said, 'All you've done is have your temper. Take no notice. I should have known and lie low for a bit. It'll blow over.'"

got up off the sofa, but she caught him by the coat. "You're not going," she said. "It's got nothing to do with you!"

WALKED HOME TOGETHER, and it wasn't for two or three days that I had them hanging about the house, like they used to. When I asked what was wrong, after some beating, he told me. "He told me, then made him tell it all over again, then I thought a bit. I didn't like the sound of it. I got my hat and round I went, when Sid's girl opened the door I asked her straight what it was all about. She looked at me solemn for a moment, she said: 'You'd better go and ask her. It's mother,' she said, 'that has been courting.'"

ent down into the kitchen and there was the mother. I mused she didn't like it. A nice, fresh-complexioned girl. "Mrs. Fluke," she said to me, "I don't like that poor boy and I'm paying for his wickedness. I only started it so as Sonia could get a minute alone with him. The way that Fred hangs round! He's married at sixteen to a sailor and was drowned soon after Sonia came, and I brought her up with my own hands. I'm thirty-four, Mrs. Fluke—you'll think me crazy—but I'm silly about Fred. I've never seen anyone so foolish-minded. Make a wonderful husband."

well, we had a cup of tea and a good talk, then I told her she'd better come with me and make a clean breast of it to Fred. She had plenty of grit, I said, and she did it. Those two were chewing it over for a long time in the kitchen, then the three of them went to pick up Sid's girl, and I heard they went to the pictures.

side a week Sid and his girl got married, and they settled in a little house in Camrose Gardens to live, and Fred was going to live with them as lodger. Everything was fine, but nobody had told Sid's girl about the lodger. When she heard of it you can imagine what she'd got hysterics. She could speak she turned the three of them out of the house and swore they wouldn't have anything to do with her again.

at that ain't the end of the story. I talked her again into getting married, and she had to give up the idea of Fred as lodger. The two of them got wed in the parish church here—white wedding. I cried my eyes out. They didn't go to live in the little house in Camrose Gardens, for the mother turned her two daughters out and the happy pair went to live in the top half of her house.

anyone is looking for Fred today, it's likely to find the boy with Sid as a lodger. For Fred married the mother and the happy pair lives in the bottom half. You see, it didn't make much difference, after all.

These books make news.

## EPIC RESCUE

Here is a real-life adventure story that out-rides fiction

**K**AKOVELD IS A GREAT stretch of sunburnt sand and desolate plain cut off from the outside world. Nothing seems to move in this waste, except the coastline itself. That literally does move.

Day by day it is pushing further out to sea. In consequence, some of its wrecks are not on the shore, but well inland, and that has a peculiar bearing on this story.

In the atlas you will find Kaokoveld in South-West Africa. It covers an area bigger than England and Wales, but it has no life because its soil will not support life. Yet this arid desert holds more wealth than all the treasure houses of the maharajahs.

If you were found anywhere near this area without a permit, you would be arrested. For Kaokoveld is rich in diamonds—so rich that a glut on the market might result if they were released.

The Government of South Africa has set up a prohibited area protected by electrified wires and constant police patrols. The guards have to undergo an X-ray examination every time they leave the area.

In itself, the place is strange enough, but late one November night during this war, a 13,000-ton British liner hit something off the coast and began a drama which history will remember longer, perhaps, than the story of Kaokoveld's diamonds.

In his exciting book, *Skeleton Coast*, just published by Hodder and Stoughton at 7s. 6d., John H. Marsh tells the full story for the first time. He tells it in simple, vigorous English, with very few frills. Yet the story forces you to read on with the same suspense and interest as a first-class detective novel.

### Vanishing Islands

A brief radio message picked up at Walvis Bay, in 1941, said that the British liner's bottom had been torn open and the captain was hoping to beach her before she sank. He succeeded, and in the morning the passengers took stock of their situation. It looked pretty grim.

This was not a matter of tough seamen facing another ordeal by water. There were young women and children involved. Two middle-aged Englishwomen, Mrs. Alice Taylor and Mrs. Dorcas Whitworth, were among the people on the beach. With them were Mrs. Taylor's seventeen-year-old daughter and a Mrs. Blanche Palmer with her thirteen-months-old baby.

The captain was faced with a disastrous situation. Half the passengers were on the beach—the remainder and the crew were still on the liner with no means of getting through the terrible breakers to the shore. He had no way of getting food and water to the people marooned on that barren waste.

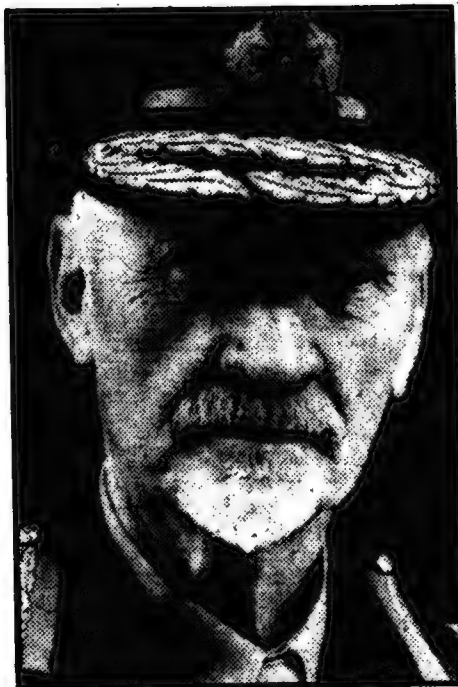
Meanwhile, the men on the beach made another depressing discovery. They found the rotting timbers of an old ship and, near by, a number of huts half buried in the sand.

Next day they found human bones. There were enough to make up twelve skeletons. So that was why the sailors called it *Skeleton Coast*.

After a few days, the sun and the fierce driving sand took their toll. The people's legs swelled and their faces developed open sores.

The men on the ship were in no better plight. They had a ray of hope. The emergency radio had been able to flash a message back to Walvis Bay.

The first rescue ship to arrive was the



Field-Marshal Smuts says that history will remember this great war-time story

*Temeraire*. Then came another, the *Manchester Division*. The lifeboat of the *Temeraire* managed to get all the people off the wrecked liner, but they could do nothing to rescue those on the beach.

A rescue tug ran aground. The treacherous currents were partly responsible, but so was this incredible Kaokoveld coastline, where islands were liable to rise out of the sea one night and vanish the next.

Two fresh rescue parties were dispatched. One went overland—a motor convoy. The other, led by Captain Immins Naude, went by air.

Disaster mounted on disaster. The rescuing plane was bogged down in the sand. The wrecked crew was shortly in desperate straits and another plane was sent to drop supplies.

The long-overdue motor convoy was also in severe difficulties, pushing its way across hundreds of miles of barren desert. The trucks became so hot that nobody dared touch the metal parts.

Often they covered less than seven miles a day because whole sand dunes had to be dug away to clear a passage.

### The Price of Safety

By now the stranded people were nearing the end of their endurance. The twelfth day lengthened into the thirteenth, the thirteenth day slowly became the fourteenth, and then at last one of the men thought he saw something moving in the distance. Something that moved in the Kaokoveld had great significance.

It was the motor convoy. The trucks had pushed across 1,500 miles of uncharted desert and reached the right spot.

Their rescue work was completed—but at a price.

Smith, the leader of the convoy, suffered a breakdown in health and had to resign from the police force. Naude, pilot of the first plane, once an A.I. man, also ruined his health. Two other men died.

In addition, there was lost £100,000 of material—a tug, an aircraft and several trucks. As Field-Marshal Smuts says on the cover of this book . . . "History will remember this epic. . ."

VINCENT BROME



Good Health

### Seizing Up

**C**RAMP IS THE sudden rigid contraction of a muscle, and is very painful and quite paralyzing.

It may be due to over-use of an unaccustomed muscle, particularly in swimmers. In other games, such as football, some sudden and severe effort may cause it, owing to the circulation not being able to carry off the excessive sarcolactic acid formed when muscles work. Brisk massage and heat usually put things right.

People with cold feet are liable to cramp in the legs at night. This is best prevented by bed-socks and hot water bottles (not necessarily rubber ones!). Expectant mothers often get cramp, and should take tablets containing calcium and vitamin D to prevent it.

Stokers and foundry workers get cramp because they sweat all the salt out of their blood. This loss of salt is also the cause of cramp in feverish people who perspire heavily. It is easily cured and prevented by drinking large quantities of very weak salt water.

Writers, telegraphists, and other "occupational" cramps are usually psychological in origin. The job is monotonous, and the subconscious desire to have done with it and get a more congenial occupation causes the cramp as a defence mechanism. This is not conscious and is not lead-swimming.

It affects dairymaids tired of milking, violinists and cornet players who want to be soloists, and even the eye muscles of weary watchmakers. The remedy is more variety of occupation, a hobby, and a restoration of self-confidence. Often there is ill-health or home worries in the background.

DR. GREVILLE PARK.



"Er . . . Rawlins . . . remember that dress suit I lent you in '38?"

## Free Speech

### Coal Shortage—Because a Ministry Muddled?

Why not apply 18B powers to Black Marketeers? When soldier husbands write home. Limiting hospital visits. Those radio detectives. Meter costs more than gas which was used. Painless childbirth and the birth-rate

IN THIS SIXTH winter of war, in my opinion, the comfort and health of the 40,000,000 or so in these islands is more important than the temporary stoppage of a few factories. I accuse (he Ministry of Fuel and Power of gross inefficiency. The Department has fallen down on the job, and public esteem will not be won over by advertisements or broadcast appeals to patriotism.

Without adequate fires, or gas and electricity the war workers will not be fit enough to carry on with their jobs. You can supply as much power as you like to factory machines—they won't go if the workers are in bed with 'flu.—A. CARTWRIGHT, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

#### And Proud of it

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW has just had leave from Gibraltar. (Incidentally, this will interest your reader, G. L., of Huddersfield, who asked for leave for Gibraltar men.) He says the natives there are very offended if they are called anything else but British. We are so often told about our name being "mud" abroad, that it's nice to know some folks are proud to be British.—WALTER MURISON, 50, Grahamsdyke Street, Lauricston, Falkirk, Stirlingshire.

#### 18B for Crooks

YOUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER, William J. Gage, has fascinated me with his knowledge of the Black Market. He obviously knows the chief crooks and I expect the police do, too.

Normally I'm against any widening of the use of the Government's war time powers, but I cannot see why 18B or some other Defence Regulation could not be used to put Black Marketeers in prison when there is not enough ordinary evidence.—JACK SELLARS, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

#### Democracy at Last!

MY HEART WAS WARMED and my faith strengthened in this old country of ours when I saw naval ratings snow-balling lieutenants—and the officers retaliating with enthusiasm.—MISS HAZEL M. KENNER, 7, Pier Terrace, Lowestoft.

#### Advice to Wife

ANSWER TO "LONELY WIFE" whose husband in the Forces is eaten up with unjustified jealousy: Keep on writing sane, straightforward letters. Avoid anything that might cause suspicion. Make it clear you've nothing to hide. And remember that his distance from home is bound to cause mental strain.—MRS. E. WARBURTON, 285, Droylesden Road, Newton Heath, Manchester.

#### He Was "Browned Off"

LIKE YOUR READER, "Lonely Wife," of Lancashire, I have received letters from my husband which have made me unhappy, but he has always apologised afterwards and said he was feeling "browned off" when he wrote. Once he sent me nasty letters which lasted several weeks, and I didn't find out until a year later that he had an attack of malaria at the time and had been in hospital. I hope this will help your correspondent to see things in a different light. Will you please leave out my name

and address and give the guinea to some deserving cause?—MRS. L., Cheshire.

(Guinea for this letter has been given to the Red Cross.—EDITOR.)

#### Southerner Learns

WHEN I LIVED in a London suburb I took a poor view of all the fuss about the miners. Now that I've come up here as an evacuee, I have every sympathy for the men.

They live in shocking conditions, yet I have never been in a more good-natured community. There is a friend behind almost every door. Surely the time is here to compensate these grand folk?—MRS. J. H. JOSLYN, 1, Lishman Cottages, Crawcock, Ryton, Co. Durham.

#### Another Horologist

IF YOUR WATCH STOPS and you still want time to march on, try this bit of magic: Get a jam-jar with a tight-fitting lid and line the bottom with cotton wool soaked in petrol or paraffin. Put your watch in, seal and leave for twenty-four hours. The trick has never failed, and I've been doing it for years.—R. H. MAIN, 27, Olympia Crescent, Barlby Road, Selby.

#### Coats Off

MR. WILDMAN, a master builder, surprised me when he said ("Free Speech," January 6) he was content to sit at home with £1 a week average wage for the last five years. I, too, am a master builder and would suggest that Mr. W. takes off his coat, gets rid of those "odd repairs," and so clears the way for a flying start on house building after the war.—A. G. SMITH, Church Street, Eastwood, Notts.

#### Couldn't Swim, Caught

MY BROTHER was taken prisoner at Arnheim. A letter from his officer stated that he'd got down to the river but had to stay behind because he could not swim. After two years in the army, you'd have thought they would have



A reader's brother was captured at Arnheim because he was unable to swim. Training courses, however, usually ensure that, like this guardsman, soldiers can tackle water obstacles in full equipment

taught him how to swim. Or hasn't the army realised the importance of it yet?—MRS. HARMER, Barn Cottage, Chartley, near Stafford.

#### Ray of Sunshine

I HAVE BEEN in bed nearly two years with arthritis. The other day two visitors from a local church called to see me.

After asking what was the matter, one said: "Oh, you poor woman. There's no cure for that. I've known lots of cases where people suffered for years before they died." As they were going, my visitors explained that their mission in life was to bring a little sunshine to the sick and suffering.—MRS. G. B. Near Bolton, Lancs.

#### Double Size—Double Waste

THIS LETTER COMES to you by courtesy of my stationer—in an unnecessarily large foolscap envelope. Reason: ordinary envelopes cannot be had—but foolscap, twice the size, and therefore a real paper waster—well, help yourself.—L. R., Exmouth.

#### Patient's Comfort

YOUR READER, Miss J. W., of Lancashire, criticises the regulation which forbade sick and wounded soldiers in hospital to receive visitors except on two specified days a week. Does she realise that the well-being of the patients is of first importance and that they cannot

always be looked after when visitors are in the ward?

Relatives and friends should realise that the patients come first. Every effort is normally made for relatives to see a patient at any reasonable hour if he is on the "Seriously Ill" or "Dangerously Ill" list.—MEDICAL OFFICER, Branscombe Square, Thorpe Bay, Essex.

#### Sheer Luck or Sherlock?

THE B.B.C. SHOULD realise that there are millions of listeners who have been reared on real detective posers by great authors and that the trivial problems we have so often on the air are more irritating than interesting. Some of the "evidence" obtained by the astute radio "detectives" would not stand up against a defending lawyer.—A. RACE, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

#### Cost of Economy

MY GAS METER was emptied to-day and my wife was asked for an extra 10d. as we had not used enough gas to cover the meter rent. In view of the present need for economy we are wondering whether it is the gas company, my wife, or the Government that's crazy.—B. J. RUSS, 25, Geoffrey Avenue, Harold Park, Romford, Essex.

#### Birthrate and Mothers

SPEAKING FROM personal experience, I agree that some sort of anaesthetic should be given at childbirth. When my baby was being born and I felt that the limits of endurance had been reached, I asked the young midwife for an anaesthetic. She refused. This happened at a municipal hospital.

As your reader says, a most important way to increase the birthrate is to prevent mothers having unpleasant memories of the "event."—MAS. K. WITHERINGTON, Manchester, 20.

WHILE I AGREE that some anaesthetic should be given at childbirth, I am sure it is not a deciding factor in the size of a family. I have had three babies, and what stands out is not their births but the toil from morning to night that always follows.

Looking after babies is reckoned a full-time job for nurses, but for mothers it all has to be done as well as the running of the house. Make it easier for mothers to look after their children and the birthrate will go up.—MAS. H. SMITH, Essex.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

## Your New Life

### DECORATING YOUR HOME WITH LIGHT

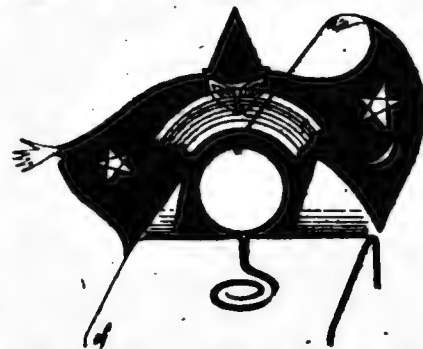
ENGLAND'S CLIMATE is notoriously changeable, but the colour scheme of your home is not. Thus, walls which on a hot day have a pleasant cooling effect, may be frigid when the wind shifts to the north-east.

But in future you'll be able to change all that.

With the walls of your rooms painted a basic white, you will, by pressing a switch, transform them on a cold day to a warm shade of rose or peach, and on a hot one to a cool cream or green.

You will do this by means of a new type of electric light tube, filled with special gases and manufactured in an endless variety of sizes and shapes, so that, to change the colour scheme of your walls, you will merely attach the tubes you choose to standardised fittings.

You will be able to place the tubes or lamps wherever you like, and



they will be actuated by remote control through high frequency radio waves coming from units hidden in the walls of the room.

For purely decorative effects you could use quaint and beautiful designs for your lamps.

You may have real fun in the illumination of your post-war home.

H. H.

# TACKLING THE BLACK MARKET

William J. Gage, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, in the last of his articles, puts forward practical measures for solving the Black Market problems. His plan is as follows:

## HOW TO STOP IT

Give magistrates and judges the right to inflict even greater prison penalties for Black Market offences without the option of a fine. Fines, though they have sometimes run into four figures, have proved no deterrent.

The United States military authorities show the way—only a few days ago an American officer in Paris was sentenced to thirty-five years for Black Market offences!

Let the Treasury be more generous in the money it allows for crime investigation. Give the Public Prosecutor more to spend. Often expensive cases are approached with reluctance because the Treasury "allowance" is so low that it is only used when, after months of investigation, a conviction is certain.

The Home Secretary should make possible far closer co-operation between Scotland Yard and provincial Police Chiefs. The difficulty seems to be that the cost of the Metropolitan Police Service is borne by the Treasury out of public funds, while in provincial centres the cost falls on the local rates. Make the best brains at Scotland Yard readily available to all local forces.

## Bigger Round-Up Wanted

Increase the personnel at Scotland Yard to permit more of the real experts to leave their desks for provincial inquiries. Have closer co-operation with the Railway Police, and more "watching" detectives at railway yards, depots, wharves and dock gates. Increase the use of plain-clothes women police in special cases.

Introduce a system for checking the credentials of long-distance lorry drivers on the early stages of their journeys so that telephonic messages can be sent at once to points further on to establish whether the credentials are false or not. Wider "cordons" are surely not an impossibility?

Provide lorry drivers with even better facilities for meals "on the road" so that vehicles can always be parked where there is someone to keep them under observation.

## Make Them Tell!

Make holders of large sums in £1, £5 or £10 notes register their holdings, and, if necessary, explain how they became possessed of them.

Tighten up income tax machinery to compel the disclosure of investments in diamonds or precious stones, and make all brokers or "commission men" in the jewel business submit returns to a central body showing to whom they have sold stones in large quantities during the last three years.

## Watch the Farmers

Pay more attention to farmers who sell poultry direct to Black Market agents because they can get bigger money than by following the Ministry of Food distribution schemes. The Food Ministry has constantly had its attention called to this evil, but it has taken no remedial steps to stop it.

Factories and all large employers of labour should follow the example of the Mecca Catering Company and Levy and Franks and make it clear to their staffs that anyone caught trafficking in Black Market affairs will be liable to instant dismissal and possible prosecution.

Big stores and warehouses likely to attract Black Market thieves should have their goods secretly marked with invisible ink so that they can be traced and identified even months after a theft.

only the pawns in the game are generally caught. Usually the police ask for a remand in custody in the hope that these "small men" will "squeal." But rarely does any important development result.

What happened in Manchester is happening in many other leading cities, including London, of course.

At Salford, Cardiff, Liverpool, Glasgow, Southampton and Newcastle-on-Tyne there has lately been an increasing traffic in seamen's clothing vouchers. In one case at Salford, where a seaman was charged with coupon offences, Chief Inspector Barnfield expressed the opinion that the system of issue to men coming ashore or just prior to going to sea was "very lax."

Apparently men are issued with vouchers on application to a mercantile office. Sometimes no proper record has been kept in the offices. The only record has been made in pencil on the seamen's identity cards. To erase this is so easy that it has been done on thousands of occasions by seamen in the pay of Black Market agents.

## On the Inside

Two young seamen, for example, were taken into custody in connection with 300 vouchers stolen from the Salford

Mercantile Marine Office. Evidence was given by the police officer in charge of the case that these men were "on the inside" of a considerable traffic in seamen's vouchers officially known to exist in the Manchester area.

He added that the 300 stolen vouchers represented at least 12,000 single coupons and could easily be turned into big money; £80 had changed hands in a few hours.

An official of the Board of Trade, which is responsible for the issue of all types of coupons, tells me that the method of issue of seamen's vouchers has been lax, but is in the process of "being tightened up."

## Fantastic—but True

Black Market stories are sometimes so fantastic, though true, that they read like fairy stories to people with no inside knowledge of the subject.

Some people may think I have exaggerated the facts I have described in this series of articles. I have not. If anything, indeed, I have erred on the side of understatement.

I have carefully ignored all borderline cases, or those which are based only on strong suspicion.

It is natural for the reader to ask why,

if so much is known to Scotland Yard as well as to JOHN BULL, this wholesale iniquity cannot be stamped out. I have tried to explain the practical and legal difficulties which have, so far, allowed some of the biggest men to remain at liberty.

Every criminologist will tell you that the immunity of the "Big Man" in crime is not because the authorities do not know he is "behind the scenes"—but because they are hampered through lack of evidence and the demands of justice that a conviction is certain before he is put into the dock.

## It's Up to Us

In conclusion, there is one big point for readers to ponder. The real remedy lies in the hands of the public. Much of the Black Market menace would soon collapse if the ordinary men and women of Britain united with the police to stamp it out.

"Small" people, who often want goods in short supply, and have the money available to pay for them, are not likely to refuse to buy them "underground" if they feel certain that they are not likely to get into trouble. But even in their own small way, they are helping to widen the scope of racketeers!

The Black Market, admittedly, depends primarily on a limited section of the public, rich and unscrupulous, who are enabled to secure privileges and advantages beyond the reach of the small man.

The illegal transactions of these selfish few must not be hidden from the rest of us, and we must not dismiss such evidence as comes to light as no concern of ours.

The police and Government officials concerned have a tough job to defeat this national evil, and I appeal to readers to help them all they can. If you have any tangible information on the subject send it either direct to the Commissioner of Police, New Scotland Yard London, S.W.1, or, if it relates to the provinces, to your local chief of police.

Finally, if you are one of those reticent people who do not like to deal directly with the police, write to me with detailed information. Your name will be treated with the utmost confidence unless I have your express permission to divulge it in case of absolute necessity.

W. J. G.

## I'D LIKE TO HEAR!

FOR YEARS I have been receiving anonymous letters, that have come mostly from well-intentioned people who are anxious to convey information in the public interest but fear they might be involved if they give their names and addresses.

Now, I'm going to let readers into two little secrets. Scotland Yard never ignores anonymous letters. Neither do I. That is, provided they contain some tangible clue to work upon.

At the present time I am greatly interested in information recently conveyed to me by letter from a public-spirited reader who merely signs himself "Public Benefactor."

Will "Public Benefactor" get in touch with me, please, in the strictest confidence? If he does he will, I believe, help JOHN BULL to render another public service.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

BESIDES HITTING THE Black Market in all its tenderest spots, it is essential that attention should also be paid to a subsidiary evil—the theft and illicit circulation of clothing and petrol coupons, and even food books.

A disquieting aspect is that large numbers have been stolen from Government offices and depots where the thieves could never have made successful raids had the property been carefully locked away in strong-rooms or safes.

Only a few days ago thieves broke into a Ministry of Labour office in Kent. They got away with 1,694 vouchers representing 16,940 coupons.

A few days later, at Newton Abbot in Devon, the local offices of both the Ministry of Food and the Ministry of Transport were raided; 18,000 clothing and petrol coupons were stolen, together with a number of food ration books.

Well-organised thefts of this kind have lately become a commonplace. My own statistics compiled from private sources, show that no fewer than 6,725,000 coupons, either in whole sheets or complete books, have been stolen from branch offices of various Ministries in the last year.

When I add a further 2,750,000 coupons, which the Board of Trade has had to allow to traders as compensation for goods lost in transit during the year, you will see how great the total losses must be.

## Robbing the Bombed-Out

It is incredible that local Government offices can be robbed so frequently.

One night recently 15,780 coupons were stolen from Croydon Food Office—at the local Town Hall itself. This just a few months after there had already been one robbery there in which 2,688 loose coupons and 101 clothing books were stolen.

Seventy-three thousand emergency coupons, intended for bombed-out families, were whisked off a month or two ago from the Catford Public Assistance Board offices in Canadian Avenue, London, S.E.

When it was discovered that 100,000 supplementary coupons had disappeared from the Ministry of Labour offices in Aldgate, East London, it was established that the actual robbery had taken place months before. Yet nobody had missed them!

The biggest number of coupons obtained by thieves in the last nine months from a Government store disappeared from a City of London Employment Exchange. They totalled 602,560.

## The Detectives Pounced

In one robbery at a Ministry depot, thieves not only got away with 700,000 points in retailers' blocks and 170 new coupon books, but with an official rubber stamp as well.

Often coupons stolen in this way cannot be safely negotiated. But large numbers are marketed quite simply at big profits for their chief salesmen.

A short time ago, in the buffet of a provincial hotel, two men carrying heavy suit cases entered and at once joined in conversation with a man who was waiting for them there.

Detectives in plain clothes entered casually and kept all three under observation. After one case had been opened and a large envelope handed to the man who had been waiting, the detectives closed with all three. Two of them got away.

Altogether, three envelopes were found containing several thousands of unused coupons. The arrested man was punished, but he refused to name either of the other two or give any information about them.

"There is a colossal amount of trafficking in clothing coupons and books in Manchester," said Detective-Inspector Timpany the other day, "and we have the greatest difficulty in tracing them."

Though cases are constantly coming before the Manchester stipendiary magistrate, Mr. J. Wellesley Orr, it is generally agreed among local officials that

# Where To Look For A £300 Winner...

MEET Miss D. Goodfellow, 99, Lansdowne Road, Seven Kings—second woman reader to win a *Bullets* First in 1945. Her £100 words in Contest 1,459 were simple, thoughtful and telling: Youth Of To-day — "Shines" — To-morrow, The "Rub"?

Now take a look in the mirror. You are looking at the reader who may well be the winner of this week's *tripled* First of £300, the biggest for years. That is, provided you try your hand at *Bullets* this week.



## BIGGEST OFFER FOR YEARS

# £300

FIRST PRIZE

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20, £10, 10 of £5,  
10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1,  
100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

## HOW TO WIN

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £300 First.

## Use these "Examples"

STALIN'S STEAM-ROLLER  
JOB FOR EVERYBODY  
RACE TO BERLIN  
LOAD OF WORRY  
REVENGE IS SWEET, BUT  
THE WICKED BRITISH  
WISE PARENTS  
PURSUING THE ENEMY  
IN HIS WAY  
LIKE A DROWNING RAT  
LEFT OUT  
PROUD MOMENT  
ON THE CARPET  
DEVIL TO PAY  
MADE FUN OF  
HOME TO MOTHER  
FRUITLESS  
A SURPRISE PACKET  
PROLONGING THE AGONY  
FATHER SNEEZED AND

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

ON THE ROAD TO.....  
FEEDING THE.....  
DIFFERENT.....  
WHERE TO.....  
TOO MANY.....  
WHEN.....WOKE UP

## ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" L.S. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE,  
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).  
ENTER ON COUPON BELOW  
— POST BY MON., FEB. 19.

|                                                                                                                                    |  |                                              |  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------------------|--|
| EXAMPLE                                                                                                                            |  | BULLET                                       |  |
| EXAMPLE                                                                                                                            |  | BULLET                                       |  |
| I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." |  |                                              |  |
| 2-FREE BULLETS                                                                                                                     |  | IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE |  |
| For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE                                               |  | P.O. Value.....                              |  |
| No. "BULLETS" No. 1,465                                                                                                            |  | Signed.....                                  |  |
| For MAR. 3 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE                                                                      |  | Address.....                                 |  |

write to JOHN BULL about it

## DON'T BE AFRAID OF 'SPECIAL SCHOOLS

When to give up illusions. These boys are angels away, demons at home. An engagement should be broken. Typist's education

ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO my son had a heavy fall on his head while playing in the park. Later he developed St. Vitus's Dance and was in hospital for some weeks. We had a visit from the school attendance officer, who told us the boy was to be sent to a special school till he is sixteen. The school is a long way from us. He would live there and we should not be allowed to visit him.

"What my wife and I want to know is whether they can compel us to send him there. We want him to have the most suitable education for him, but we want him home at night. He is highly strung and we feel sure he would be best here with us."

Special schools are intended for children who are handicapped in some way and there they get careful treatment specially suited to them. There is no need for you to be afraid of such places. You would not be giving him the best chance by placing him in a class with more advanced pupils. It would be unfair to him—and unfair to the other children.

Local education authorities have the right to send children to special schools if they are in need of special treatment. In the case of a residential school, the written consent of the parents has to be given, but if this is unreasonably withheld the education authorities can appeal to the court for permission. If you want to contest the case you can refuse to give consent and then await events.

I AM THE YOUNGEST of a family of four boys and have always had the greatest admiration for my eldest brother. For years he has been my ideal of what a man should be, and we have been the greatest of friends.

The other day, however, while roaming about his home, I happened to discover a diamond ring. I was amazed, because it was one we had lost some years ago while he was living at home before his marriage. I remembered what a fuss was caused when the ring disappeared. Somehow I find it difficult to believe my brother is a thief. I cannot feel the same towards him, and he senses that there is something wrong. What would you do?

Tell your brother quietly and frankly what the trouble is. There may be an innocent explanation, and, if so, you should not go through life harbouring unjust suspicions. But if what you suspect is true—that your brother did steal the ring—you will rid your mind of an illusion. And this is part of the process of growing up.

Of course, the ring should be restored. For all you know, you yourself may be suspected!

I AM THE MOTHER of three sons. I aged eight, nine, and eleven. Everybody says what nice boys they all are and how well behaved. That is what outside people think. But I never get a moment's peace when they are in the house. They argue and bicker from morning to night. Week-ends leave me physically and mentally exhausted. I have tried talking to them nicely, sending them to bed, even caning them—all in vain.

"My husband and I have never quarrelled in their presence, and

they have never lived in an atmosphere of quarrels. My husband tells me not to worry, but I can't help it."

Your boys are at the most trying age just now. They will quarrel less when they are a couple of years older.

But I wish you had told me more details. For example, do two of them take sides against the third? If so, is he always the same third? And is he the eldest or the youngest? Details of that sort would make it easier to find where the trouble lies.

I wonder, too, if you are consistent in your treatment of them? If you came them one day and reason with them quietly the next they will not know where they are with you. I suggest that you have a talk with their teacher at school. Find out if they are aggressive and quarrelsome there and ask advice about the best method of treating them at home.

I AM A YOUNG MAN of twenty-six in a job with good prospects. I have been engaged for two years, and, in the early days, my fiancée was eager to get married at once. I, however, persuaded her to wait. Now I feel in a position to get married, but, recently, when I suggested it, she broke off the engagement. She is willing to remain friends, but no more. Should I go on seeing her and try to win her back?

It would be best to be quite firm about it and to break off the friendship. If the girl has found out that she has made a mistake she is right to break off the engagement.

Her attitude shows that her feeling for you is not sufficiently strong to warrant a life-long partnership. Marriage in those circumstances would be a flop for both parties. Let her go!

ARE THERE ANY advantages in a girl taking a School Certificate as far as a job as a shorthand typist is concerned? A shorthand typist who has passed her School Certificate has

**XWORD** FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. It's easy to be brave when one's opponent is in—FIGHT. 2. Rarely forced to burgle—DOOR. 3. Let's hope our future ones are less noisy than to-day's—TUES. 4. These may have to be hung up—COATS. 5. Many people, particularly the older folk, owe lot to—WILLS. 6. Visitor sometimes brings into sick-room—LOOM. 7. Here you find the most important part of boat—BO. 8. Average varsity student has a liking for—DON. 9. Noise made by this can be disturbing—LANK. 10. Impudent child may possibly run some danger of being—PET. 11. We should plan so that no housing estate is—LUM. 12. Sometimes throws suspicion on criminal—SWAG. 13. To heal wound, men sometimes resort to—INT. 14. Possession of money causes many a one—JANGLE.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated March 3, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, February 19.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 417, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 413 is given below "Bullets" Result in column 2.

a distinct advantage over others. In Government Departments, for instance, there is no chance of an appointment without it. In many big business houses the better jobs go to those with School Certificate. The assumption is that the student with a School Certificate has a good background of general education, has intelligence, and is able to write letters without having every comma given to her.

## They Also Pay

F. P. Wigan: Members of the Forces pay income-tax on the same basis as anybody else. Thus their service pay is assessable. The benefit of "living in" is not assessed, and the exemption is extended to the allowance paid by the Government to the wife or other dependant of the Serviceman. Liability, if any, is calculated by reference to the combined incomes of husband and wife. When the husband's pay is below the income-tax allowances (£140 for a married man, £50 for each child, etc.), to which he is entitled, the balance of his tax allowances is transferred to his wife. This usually explains the very considerable differences in tax liability which may occur between one married woman and another.

A. A. Wallingford: There is no age limit under the Essential Work Order. All persons engaged in undertakings scheduled under the Order cannot leave unless permission is granted by the National Service Officer.

H. C. Bridport: Under present arrangements, observers on leaving the Royal Observer Corps are required to return all items of uniform and equipment issued to them.

W. H. Ialeworth: Generally speaking, unless a medical certificate shows the individual to be unlikely to be fit for any Civil Defence service again, the post-war credit is not paid until after the war. This is because circumstances may later show that, while a man is no longer fit for one service, he may be able to carry on in another where the duties are lighter. For example, a man discharged on health grounds from the Rescue Service might be equal to sedentary clerical duties.

J. R. Gillingham: As you are in receipt of a 100 per cent. disability pension, you were entitled to twenty-six weeks' sickness benefit at half rate, after which no benefit was payable.

C. F. Reigate: Your 156 Conversion Issue of National Savings Certificates are now worth £202 16s. After the tenth year from the date of issue, 8d. per certificate each year is added until each unit is worth 28s. They afterwards increase in value by 10d. each until each certificate is worth 33s. and thereafter at the rate of 1s. per annum per certificate.

## Service

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 2/3. Single Dose 2d. inc. Purchase Tax

# PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

EXAMPLE OF BENEFITS (suggestion for a managed 35 next birthday)

|                                   |        |                                                                                         |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| For yourself at age 60—           |        | For your dependants—                                                                    |        |
| Annual income for life            | £170   | Cash payment in the event of your death before age 60                                   | £2,000 |
| Cash option instead of the income | £2,000 | In addition guaranteed bonuses at a rate of £10 in respect of each year's premium paid. |        |
| Guaranteed bonuses                | £250   |                                                                                         |        |

Premium payments rank for Income Tax abatement.

This above is an example only. Benefits which may be more suited to your particular needs are just as readily obtainable.

## ENQUIRY FORM

To PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., High Holborn, London, W.C.1  
Please let me know the annual cost of securing a yearly income of £ at age (other benefits proportionate)  
Name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) Date of Birth  
Address

J.B. 71

"STONEHENGE HAS LASTED WELL"  
"SO HAS MY GOOD OLD HERCULES"



## Hercules CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD. ASTON · BIRMINGHAM

SEE WHERE YOU ARE WITH  
**ATLAS LAMPS**



ADVERTISEMENT OF THORN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD.  
105/109 JUDD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1



*Ready-aye-Ready*

In the real Navy tradition "Player's" can always be relied upon to maintain for smokers the utmost pleasure and satisfaction.

*Player's Please*

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

N.C.T. 53R

# Milk of Magnesia Tablets

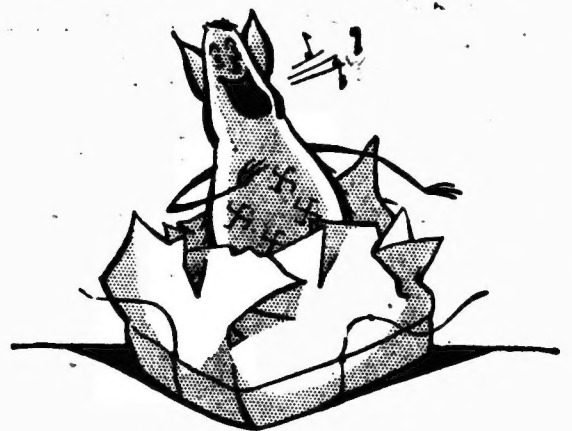
By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession.



'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

## • RHYME AND REASON •



Sing a song of spare cash,  
a song to make you sigh;  
Four and twenty shillings  
spent on a 'buy'.  
When the 'buy' was opened  
the 'Bug' began to sing  
'Wasn't that a lot to pay  
for such a foolish thing?'

BUY  
NATIONAL SAVINGS  
CERTIFICATES

## BECAUSE :

Every 15/- earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.  
This increase is not subject to Income Tax.  
They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.  
Savings up keeps prices down.  
Savings help to win the war.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

For Quicker,  
Smoother, Cooler Shaves



CHANGE TO

# COLGATE

Brushless SHAVE CREAM

IN SHORTER  
SUPPLY NOW  
LIKE MOST  
GOOD THINGS

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 including Tax

## HEADACHES!

Don't tolerate them  
HERE'S HOW!

At the first indication of a headache just take a Beecham's Powder—the quicker you do it the sooner will you be all right again. Many who were unhappy victims of really bad headaches are not so now. They know what to do! Beecham's Powders are quickly absorbed therefore speedy in action. They are also fine for Nerve Pains, Colds and Chills, Rheumatic Twinges, Lumbago, etc. As a general pick-me-up at any time they are splendid.

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2d each.

# BEECHAM'S POWDERS

HERE'S THE PAIN  
WHERE'S the SLOAN'S?

## RHEUMATISM

A few drops of Sloan's Liniment applied to painful joint or throbbing muscle will soon ease the pain and give you lasting relief. In chronic cases, perseverance with Sloan's is wonderfully effective. If you suffer from rheumatism or sciatica, lumbago, backache, sprains, remember: Use Sloan's and get quick relief. Price 2/- from all Chemists.

# SLOAN'S Liniment

Kills Pain

